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CALLING THE FLOWERS.

BY MARY MAPES DODGE.

The wind is shaking the old dried leaves,
That will not quit their hold,
The sun slips under the stiffened grass
And drives away the cold.

And Franco says: "How the March wind blows!
Is it scolding? How bad it must be!
When I blow my horn, I'll be tender and sweet,
To show that I love them," says she.

"For the flowers and birds are dear little things,
And must not be frightened at all,
So pray you be quiet, you noisy old wind!—
Perhaps they will come if I call.

"The men on the hill want water, I know,
And soon I will carry them some;
But first I will blow just as kind as I can,
To tell the sweet flowers they can come.

"Blow loud for the blossoms that live in the trees,
And low for the daisies and clover;
But as soft as I can for the violets shy,
Yes, softly—and over and over."

SINGULAR BRAVERY OF THE ZULUS.—For courage and other warlike qualities, the Zulus may fairly be called the Afghans of Africa, and many of their recorded exploits would do credit to any trained soldier. Some few years ago, a Zulu hunter, hearing a young British officer speak somewhat lightly of native prowess, offered to give him a specimen of it by killing single-handed a huge lion which infested the neighborhood. The challenge was accepted, and the brave fellow at once set forth upon his dangerous errand, the officer and several of his comrades following at a distance. Having drawn the beast from his lair, the hunter wounded him with a well-flung spear, and instantly fell flat on the ground beneath his huge shield of rhinoceros hide, which covered his whole body like the lid of a dish. The lion having vainly expended his fury upon it, at length drew back a few paces. Instantly the shield rose again, a second lance struck him, and his furious rush encountered only the impenetrable buckler. Foiled again, the lion crouched beside his ambushed enemy, as if meditating a siege; but the wily savage raised the further end of the shield just enough to let him creep noiselessly away into the darkness, leaving his buckler unmoved. Arrived at a safe distance, he leveled his third spear at the broad yellow flank of the royal beast with such unerring aim as to lay him dead on the spot, and then returned composedly to receive the apologies and congratulations of the wondering spectators.

A lady of rank in Paris died three weeks ago, in the fashionable quarter of the Arc de Triomphe, of whom an interesting story is told. She was a famous card-player, and was credited with knowing every game there was to know. When traveling in a foreign land she met, one day, in a hotel, a Russian lady with that passion for gambling said to be inherent in the Russian nation. Anxious to play with the lady from Paris, she wrote requesting a few games. Her request was granted, and the ladies played all night, the Russian losing at every hand, until her opponent won from her more money than the mines in the Ural had produced for her revenues in twenty-five years. At last the Russian lady made a despairing effort to regain her fortune, but without avail. Rising from the table, she told the French lady how she had lost more than she possessed, but that in her desire to pay a debt of honor she would instruct her steward to convey to her the title deeds of all the mines and estates she owned. At this the victorious antagonist smiled and requested that she might have her own way in the matter, since she had won. A priest and a lawyer were sent for. When they arrived, the Russian lady was asked to bind herself by a solemn oath never again to touch a card or risk money at any game of chance. She did so, and then signed an engagement to pay her antagonist the annual sum of $2,000. The vow never to play cards for money again she faithfully kept, and the $2,000 were punctually paid every year, the French lady giving it the name of the "Queen of Spades Bounty," and invariably giving it to the poor of Paris.

JUDGE DAY.—Once when he went as Judge on the Munster Circuit, there were so many prisoners for trial in Limerick that he feared he could not open the Commission for Kerry at Tralee without sitting very late. When he continued long after the usual time, and showed no intention of leaving Court, the members of the Bar remonstrated, but without effect. At lenght near midnight, as he still held on, a slip of paper was handed to him by the crier's wand.

He read it, smiled, and announced "he would try no more cases that night." The paper contained these lines, written by a member of the Bar:

"Try men by night! my lord, forbear
Think what the wicked world would say;
Methinks I hear the rogues declare,
That Justice is not done by Day."

A writer in the Edinburgh Review, October, 1877, calls attention to the opinion of one of the most famous of the Greek poets, Euripides, upon the mischief of an undue pursuit of athletic excellence. It is found in a fragment beginning as follows:

"Of the myriad evils that afflict Hellas,
There is nothing worse than the race of athletes.'

Euripides goes on to object that even for the body great athletic excellence was a bad thing; that the athletes were never particularly distinguished for skill or courage in the conflicts of real war; that their old age was generally wretched, and that crowns should be reserved for the wise and good, who were of use to their states and to the whole of Greece.

SUBSTITUTES FOR LIQUOR.—A curious feature of the operation of the no-license law at Norwich, Conn., is the substitution by drinkers of other stimulants in the place of liquors. Perhaps the most natural substitute of all is Jamaica ginger. This extract has about double the alcoholic strength of whiskey, and as it is a medicine in constant demand, and kept by all druggists, it makes a very satisfactory substitute for the habitual old toper who is bound to get drunk on something. That it is used in this way to a considerable extent, is shown from the increased sales of the drug as well as the confession of the user. One dealer estimates his sales of Jamaica ginger since the 1st of November as fully three times as great as they were before; another sells perhaps a third more now than before that date; another has noticed but a small increase—not over five per cent., while a fourth estimates the calls upon him as five times as large now as they were up to November 1. It is also said that the sale of paregoric has slightly increased in some cases.—*Boston Journal.*

Hussey Burgh, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, united in a peculiar degree great wisdom and sportive wit. When walking one day with a friend in Dublin they passed the mansion of a nobleman whose family acquired notoriety by a propensity for taking the goods of others—in short, confounding *meum* and *tuum*. The knocker on the hall door was a large iron hand. Burgh at once uttered this impromptu:—

"Could Man Promethean fire command,
To warm with life that iron hand,
And touch it with a sense of feeling,
Lord! *what a hand 'twould be for stealing!*"

MAT'S LUCK.

"It is just my luck!" said Mat. "Confound it!"

He walked gloomily to the window and looked out—on the vivid green of the croquet lawn, on white and red roses clustering about the porch; on the old rector, tending his favorite geraniums in the distance, amid a blaze of sunshine and glow of color. Mat longed to be with him—the sombre room seemed oppressive as a cage.

He threw open the French windows, drew a long breath and thrust his fingers into the pockets of his shooting-coat, falling naturally into a careless, lounging attitude peculiar to him. The fingers came in contact with a note and idly brought it to light. It was addressed, in a woman's handwriting, to "Matthew Curtis, esq., M. D." A grim smile played about that gentleman's lips as he reflected how unsuited was that formal superscription to the [illegible] good-for-naught, known to rich and poor for miles around as young Mat Curtis.

With a listless air he drew forth the brief inclosure. His face darkened as he perused it.

"Miss Agnes Bellue would be glad to have a few minutes' conversation with Mr. Curtis."

"Lover-like—very!" commented Mat, with sarcastic emphasis.

Another glance at the delicate paper and the firm square handwriting, the dark look hardening the while, until the character of the face seemed completely altered.

"Look at it!" quoth Mat. "Her hand never trembled; there is not a wavering stroke! Why, most girls would cry their eyes out while writing such a note as that to their lovers!"

He crushed the offending missive into a crumpled ball as he spoke, and addressed a few more unapostolic expletives to the fair sunshine—expletives peculiarly unbefitting a clergyman's study, or the hearing of the young lady who noiselessly entered in time indistinctly to catch them.

Young—not more than twenty, perhaps—but with a serene and queenly grace of movement, a gravely beautiful face—an air just now of haughty disgust.

"Pardon me," she says, icily; "so interesting a conversation with yourself is probably of a confidential nature."

Mat turns with a flaming face, a quick, deprecating gesture, a courteous, apologetic bow and speech that somehow in their confused humility stamp him as a gentleman.

"I trust, indeed, you did not hear it. I earnestly crave forgiveness if you did!"

She contemptuously dismisses the matter with the slightest wave of a little jewelled hand. Cold, hard, proud she looks, and her words have a clearcut articulation suggestive of newly clipped coins.

"I sent for you."

"Yes," answers Mat, defiantly. His penitence is dying away—the dark, hard expression is returning. "Just my luck!" it seems to repeat.

"To beg an answer to three questions," continues Miss Bellue.

Mat bows, thrusts his hands into the deep shooting-pockets once more, and resumes the careless, lounging attitude.

"Have you entered your name, notwithstanding my protest, as a gentleman-rider for the autumn steeple-chases?"

"Yes."

"Have you, in truth, gone back to the old habit of dropping into the 'Barleycorn' two or three nights in the week to" (how superb was the ring of scorn in her voice!) "drink ale and smoke in company with the boors there?"

"Yes," repeats Mat, sturdily.

"Is it, indeed, true that, on leaving that inn last night, you involved yourself in a poaching affray, actually knocking down a keeper and helping one of the poachers to escape?"

"Yes," says Mat, with a kind of sullen despair.

Miss Bellue draws something from her white fingers, and holds it out. Mechanically Mat's hand comes out of the shooting pocket and grasps it. It is a woman's engagement ring.

They look at each other, a curious contrast in the two faces. Hers composed, calm, haughtily indifferent. His blankly astonished, angry, agitated, by turns.

"Not—not that, Agnes!" he pleads, huskily.

The serene beauty, the quiet determination of her face answer him.

"Can you not make allowances?" he cried. "Can you not understand that mad young blood like mine must find some excitement greater than mixing pills, and powders, and lotions, or creeping through sick rooms all day?"

It is pitiful to see how he watches her while he speaks, and notes the same fixed, mute, changeless answer.

"At least, let me explain. I can do so to your satisfaction, I think, I hope!" he says, doubiously. "Return it to your finger, and reserve judgement till you hear the defense!" And he holds the ring towards her, with a great, clumsy hand that trembles somewhat.

Still no audible reply. A faint shake of the head, a look of polite incredulity—that is all.

"Do you not care?" he asks.

His appealing eyes search her face. It does not change. Beautiful, imperturbable, the sentence written there never varies. His unsteady fingers drop the ring; but he let it lie, half buried in a fleecy rug. Then, with a set, stern look, he sets his foot upon it, bows slightly, and walks from the room.

He leaves the house, passing the window to gain the road, but looking neither to the right nor to the left.

His head is erect, his hands are out of the loose pockets. For once (startling transformation), young Mat Curtis looks positively dignified.

And as he vanishes as startling a transformation takes place in the room he has quitted. Miss Bellue proves herself a woman, and not a queen, by a series of actions essentially feminine.

Frst, she rescues the bent love token from the floor; then she kisses it and cries over it; then she locks it away carefully in a writing-desk; then she rushes up stairs to watch her lover out of sight from an upper window.

For a quarter of a mile or so she watched him, a retreating figure, growing smaller and smaller in the distance. He never once looked back; the regular march of his steps never faltered; a turn of the road hid him from sight. Miss Bellue sat down on the floor, a most undignified position—and cried till her pretty eyes were red and swollen.

"It is all over!" she moaned—"all over!"

* * * * * *

"Fire! Fire!"

Mat sprang from his bed, and with professional expertness struck a light, tumbled into some clothes and rushed from the house.

No need to ask whence the alarm proceeded; the fierce pillar of flame and the red glow in the sky were beacons towards which he ran at headlong speed, with one thought in his mind, "I pray heaven it may not be the rectory!"

"Where is it?" he shouted, to two laborers, fagging along as swiftly as heavy boots and ponderous habits of progression would let them.

"Farmer Joyce's, sur."

"Farmer Joyce's! Thank heaven! The next house to the rectory, but not near enough to endanger it!"

Mat's suspense gave place to a thrill of almost pleasurable excitement; it was his "mad young blood" asserting itself. Dashing through a gateway, he almost ran over a girl, bare-headed, wringing her hands in important anxiety. It was Miss Bellue.

"Go back at once," commanded Mat, curtly. "Put on a hat, and the thickest shawl you have."

The panic-stricken girl obeyed. Not till afterwards did it occur to her he had no right to issue such instructions.

When she returned it was to find Matthew Curtis, esq., M. D., in the centre of a burning pig-stye, pitching out squeaking, half-roasted porkers, [illegible] his scorched fingers. "If they had been babies, now, I might have gained some credit at the same risk."

"The stable is a-fire, sur!"

"What!" shouted Mat. He did not wait for the information to be repeated. An ardent lover of horseflesh, it was an appeal to his sympathies that sent him round intervening out-buildings in a state of breathless suspense.

It was true. The stable was on fire; the horses were screaming with terror; two or three rustics were making excited and fruitless attempts to drag them out—attempts the poor animals resisted with all their might. A little crowd of men looked on idly and despairingly.

"Jim, run into the barn and get three or four empty sacks and a rope. Quick!"

"Yes, sur."

By drawing a sack over each animal's head and neck, thus blindfolding it; by passing a rope round the forelegs and setting strong arms to haul, and by a little organization of brave but until then illapplied efforts a rescue was effectd. All the horses were saved except one poor brute smothered by the smoke.

Farmer Joyce came up, with a grimy hand extended in honest gratitude.

"Thank you kindly, sir. I don't mind for the ricks and the buildings—they are all insured; but it went to my heart to hear them poor brutes scream."

Mat gave his left hand—the right hand was bound up with a handkerchief. The old rector joined them, Miss Bellue leaning on his arm.

"The danger is over now, Joyce, I think. Mat, come across with me."

Mat glanced at the averted face of the young lady, and misconstrued it. She was, in truth, ashamed to meet his eye. The contrast between his coolness and courage and her physical cowardice humbled her. She had come down from that pedestal of property from which she had presumed to judge him so harshly, but he did not suspect it.

"I have burnt my hand and arm slightly—just my luck!" said Mat. "I must go home at once to dress them."

He took off his hat as he spoke, awkwardly enough, with the left hand, and turned away.

"He is a fine fellow, Agnes, that lover of yours," said the rector; "but his manner is rather abrupt to-night. What ails him?"

"Never mind, papa—never mind."

There was a kind of wail in Miss Bellue's voice.

"A lovers' quarrel," thought the rector, sagely. "Then my attitude must be one of dignified neutrality—my policy non-intervention;" and he laughed quietly to himself at the conceit.

Mat was dressing his burns in the surgery when the outer door opened and his father entered.

"Hallo, dad! Who called you up? It was my turn to-night."

It should be explained that "young Mat Curtis" and "the old doctor" were partners.

"The old doctor" made no reply. He sat down in a low chair, and began to fan himself with a broad straw hat. Mat, looking up in surprise, saw that he was ghastly pale; that his eyes had a look of horror in them; that his whole appearance was that of a man who had sustained a terrible fright.

Mat touched his arm gently.

"What is it father?"

Doctor Curtis's lips moved twice before any sound issued; then he uttered but one word: "Cholera!"

Upon Mat's face there came a faint reflection of his father's fear. The scourge had been raging with frightful violence in distant parts of England. They had talked of it often, dreading its approach, trusting it might pass by this pure, healthy village.

No; the next day three cases were reported and one death. The rival practioner, Mr. Bennett, a man of good private means, fled with his wife and family. Mat and "the old doctor" were worked almost to death. No need of bar-parlor discussions, or approaching steeple-chases, or poaching affrays now to quiet the mad young blood.

Mat went from house to house with a grave face, and a cheerful, kindly, hopeful word for every poor terrified wretch, who shuddered at his own fears.

Then his father was stricken, "the old doctor."

Poor "old doctor!" When the evil he had dreaded really came to him, seized upon him, he grew brave a strong.

"Nonsense, lad!" he said, when Mat tried to speak encouraging words from a sinking heart. "I have no stamina; I could not expect to live much longer in the ordinary course of nature. Don't blink the truth, boy. I shall be glad to die in harness."

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Miss Bellue watched the funeral procession from that same upper window she had once before put to a similar use.

Very contrite was Miss Bellue in these days. A horrible dread had taken possession of her with the first report of cholera in the villiage. She fought against it; she hated herself for it; she tried to drag herself to the beds of the sick poor; but trembling limbs refused to carry her. It was constitutional physical cowardice; and every gossiping tale of Mat's calm heroism increased her self-abasement and her love and admiration for that unconscious gentleman.

His father's death gave him double work, but he did not spare himself. He snatched food, rest, sleep when and how he could, until the epidemic died out almost; then as the last case was in a fair way of recovery he sickened.

"My luck has changed," said Mat, with a smile. "I can be spared now the work is done."

Miss Bellue heard the news the same hour. A housemaid to whom she had done some little kindness ran off to the rectory to tell her. Miss Bellue gave an order or two and went straight to her father's study.

"Papa, Mat is stricken now."

"Bless my soul!" said the rector, in great excitement. "Poor lad—poor lad!"

"I have told Jenkins to put the horses to the brougham and the housekeeper to get the green bedroom ready."

"Eh?" and the old gentleman looked very bewildered.

"And you must fetch Mat," explained Miss Bellue, calmly.

"But—but"—

"He shall not be left to the nursing of those ignorant servants," she insisted, resolutely. "He shall be brought here or I will assuredly go to him."

The rector had yielded to her all her life. He shook his head in sore perplexity.

"Are you not afraid, dear?"

A peculiar smile lighted her pale, beautiful countenance.

"Not now."

A similar question was almost the first one put by Mat in a convalescent state,

"Were you not afraid, darling?"

"Perfect love casteth out fear," she rejoined, softly.

THE MAYA HIEROGLYPHICS.

The Maya tablet at Washington offers an opportunity to the ambitious student to immortalize himself in the company of Champollion and George Smith in their deciphering of Egyptian and Nineveh inscriptions. [illegible] Institute of Washington by Charles Russell, of Philadelphia, and the reception of it was recorded in the bulletin of the institute as follows: "Dec. 12, 1842—A box containing hieroglyphical slab of stone from Palenque, Central America, from Charles Russell, Consul of the United States at Laguna, Isla del Carmen, Mexico." Its dimensions may be roughly stated at six feet high and three feet wide, the thickness being four or five inches. Its face is divided into one hundred and twenty-seven spaces of an irregular quadrangular shape; forming what may be called cartouches or shields, on which are incised representations of the human hand or eye or some other feature. The reading of these hieroglyphics is one of the lost arts, for although the Maya is still spoken by all the Indian tribes of Yucatan and adjoining provinces, and there are religious books, such as hymns, catechisms and psalters, extant in it, yet, being written with our alphabet, they can in no way be used in interpreting these ancient characters. There are now known but three manuscripts in Maya character, namely the Mexican manuscript No. 2, of the Imperial Library at Paris, the Dresden Codex, and the Manuscript Troano. Of the first nothing is known, as it has not been investigated, except to make it certain that the characters correspond with those of the sculptural tablets. The others have been studied to some extent by scholars, but with results which have not been accepted as satisfactory. The late Dr. Berendt, who spent many years investigating the Maya language in Central America, reported the existence of an additional slab, of which this Washington stone forms a part. Professor Baird has secured an impression of this, and he is preparing to lay before the scientific world the means of studying both tablets by casts and photographs, and of unfolding, if possible, the secrets of the Maya hieroglyphics.

From London Society.

CHANCE.

A word unspoken, a hand unpressed,
A look unseen, a thought unguessed;
And souls that were kindred may live apart,
Never to meet to know the truth,
Never to know how heart beat with heart,
In the dim past years of a wasted youth.

She shall not know how his pulse leapt
When over his temples her tresses swept;
As she leaned to give him the jasmine wreath,
She felt his breath and her face flushed red
With the passionate love that choked her breath,
And saddens her life now her youth is dead.

A faded woman who waits for death,
And murmurs a name beneath her breath,
A cynical man who scoffs and jeers
At women and love in the open day,
And at night time kisses with bitter tears
A faded fragment of jasmine spray.

FARMERS' SONS.—How shall farmers treat their sons so as to stimulate in them a desire for farm life? First, it is not desirable that all sons of farmers should have a desire for farm life. Some have a tact for mechanical and other pursuits, and it is worse than useless to try to divert a boy from any honorable calling for which nature has adapted him. Beside, farmers' sons often make the best of professional and business men. But how can we keep our boys on the farm, rather than have them swell the crowd of loafers and dead beats in our town and cities? Let the boys be allowed an actual ownership in some of the products of the farm. The practice of giving a boy a colt or sheep to call his, and induce him to pet and care for it, and then for the father to sell it and pocket the entire proceeds, has a chilling effect on the rising aspirations of a farm boy. Again, a boy designed for the farm is made to feel that he is good for nothing else. He sees his smarter brother better dressed and better schooled, or his mates, the children of a neighbor have these privileges while he is denied them, and he naturally associates farming with social degradation, and either resolves to leave home and the farm or sinks into a condition of indifferent inferiority. Better educate him thoroughly. If he develops a taste for music or science or literature, give him an opportunity to gratify it. If in time he exhibits a peculiar fitness for some other calling, do not spoil a good preacher or lawyer to make a poor farmer. If farm life can be made attractive to the boy while at home, added years and maturer judgment will usually lead him back to it. Again, the life of the farm boy is often unnecessarily made one of constant drudgery. He has no time given him wherein he is exempt from calls to bring wood and water, hunt eggs, etc. If he tries to read or blow his flute, or make his hand sled, he is told that he is lazy and will never amount to anything. Should he be attending school he is liable to be taken out to help finish husking, butcher hogs, and the like, and soon get behind his class and loses all interest in his studies. A little system in farm labor, with due regard for the boy's welfare, would avoid all this and give him time for self improvement. This week I visited a friend living on a farm of one hundred and fifty acres, keeping horses, cattle and sheep, most of which were high grades; no fancy strains. The barns and sheds were ample, not elegant. The house had an appearance of comfort, not extravagance. The tables were loaded with substantials, not with dainties. The sitting-room contained a first-class piano; the walls were adorned with drawings and portraits, most of which were the work of the wife and daughters, and were fine specimens of art. For reading, besides many books, there were two of the leading magazines, one obtained by exchanging with a neighbor; and several religious, political, and agricultural papers. In the evening a company of eight, all sons and daughters of farmers, the young men themselves working on farms, assembled for drill as a neighborhood orchestra. They made some excellent music, and from the interest they manifested in their undertaking, I think those farmer boys will not be found in saloons these long winter evenings, and judge they have no desire to leave the farm.—*Ohio Farmer.*

A little boy was advised by his father to use illustrations in his conversation whenever they should occur to him, "for," continued the parent, "there is no more forcible way of conveying or expressing your meaning.' Shortly after the boy was lectured on generosity. "It's better to give than to receive, Johnny—far better. The Bible says so, and I say so.' "Illustrate it, papa. I think I will understand you better." Father could not see the application.

AMUSING BULLS.

Sir Boyle Roche was, as his name implies, of a county Cork family, where the Roches have been settled from very remote times, giving their name to places and peerages, as Castletown-Roche, Loche county, and the titles of Roche and Fernoy. Boyle Roche appears to have made himself useful to successive viceroys toward the close of the last century, and was a species of whipper-in for the castle. He held a subordinate office in the Irish custom-house in the revenue department. Sir Boyle Roche soon became popular in the House of Commons, always ready to be amused, for his singular success in the production of Irish bulls.

It is generally supposed these figures of speech prevailing among Irishmen do not spring from want of ability, but rather from excess of imagination. They are attributable to the fertility of thought, the rapidity of utterance, display incongruity. It is said the gifted Sir Richard Steele attributed their bulls to climate, and declared, "if an Englishman was born in Ireland he'd make as many." There is no doubt bulls are occasionally perpetrated by others than natives of Ireland, as in the case of the English viceroy, who advised that "the greatest economy was necessary in the consumption of all species of grain, *especially of potatoes.*"

Boyle Roche represented several places in the Irish House of Commons, having successively been elected for Tralee, Gowran, Portarlington, and Old Leighton. He excused his absence from some engagement by assuring the House "No *man* could be in two places at once, barring he was a *bird!*" He concluded a long speech with this peroration: "Why should we put ourselves out for posterity? What, I ask, did posterity ever do for us?" He said, in concluding a speech, "It would be better, Mr. Speaker, to give up, not only a part, but, if necessary, even the whole of the constitution, to preserve the remainder."

Speaking of the invasion then expected from France, he styled the Marseillaise the "Marshal-law men, who, if they came, would cut us into mincemeat, and throw our bleeding heads on the table to stare us in the face; but the best way to avoid danger was to meet it plump." We can readily conceive the shouts of laughter such a speech is likely to have elicited.

Sir Boyle Roche must have done service to the state when, in 1782, he was created a baronet. It is stated he was the messenger employed by Lord Kenmare, in 1783, to state "that the Catholics were satisfied with what had been done for them," which turned out to be untrue.

Beside these I have mentioned many other amusing bulls are attributed to him. His moving in committee, on the bill then before the Commons, for the better regulation of weights and measures, that "every quart bottle should hold a quart;" "that every man should be his own washerwoman." His invitation to a nobleman who spoke of visiting that part of the country over which Sir Boyle lived, "If ever you come within a mile of my house, my lord, I hope you'll *stop there.*"

POULTICES.—The common practice in making poultices of mixing the linseed meal with hot water, and applying them directly to the skin, is quite wrong, because if we do not wish to burn the patient, we must wait until a great portion of the heat has been lost. The proper method is to take a flannel bag (the size of the poultice required), to fill this with the linseed poultice as hot as it can possibly be made, and to put between this and the skin a second piece of flannel, so that there shall be at least two thicknesses of flannel between the skin and the poultice itself. Above the poultice should be placed more flannel, or a piece of cotton or wool, to prevent it from getting cold. By this method we are able to apply the linseed meal boiling hot, without burning the patient; and the heat gradually diffusing through the flannel, affords a grateful sense of relief which can not be obtained by other means. There are few ways in which such marked relief is given to abdominal pain as by the application of a poultice in this manner.—*Dr. Brunton.*

We are reminded by the death of Caleb Cushing of the following anecdote, which illustrates his ready wit at repartee and the characteristic talent of the man:

Miss Hannah F. Gould, a poetess of some celebrity years ago, and whose works are still read with delight by lovers of poetry, wrote this epigrammatic epitaph upon him:

"Lay aside, all ye dead,
For in the next bed
Reposes the body of Cushing.
He has crowded his way
Through the world, they say,
And, even though dead, will be pushing."

But Cushing certainly got the best of her in his witty response:

"Here lies one whose wit,
Without wounding, could hit,
And green grows the grass that's above her.
Having sent every beau
To the regions below,
She has gone down herself for a lover."
—*Cin. Enquirer.*

At the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, a Chinaman took his place among the ambassadors and representatives of foreign nations. He bore himself with as much dignity, and behaved with as much courtesy as the most aristocratic diplomatist in the brilliant circle. Yet he was only the carpenter of a Chinese junk then in the Thames, whom the directors of the Exhibition borrowed for pictorial effect in the procession. On surprise being expressed at his demeanor to an old Shanghai merchant, his reply was that "every Chinaman is taught manners at school, as part of his ordinary education." Here is a hint to the school boards in England, and also in America.

California is experiencing the coldest weather known in that State since 1850. The temperature during the winter has most frequently ranged between 40° and 65° Fahrenheit. This winter it has fallen to 15°, and in some places even lower. To the residents on the Pacific coast this is much more trying than it would be in the East. In San Diego, where bananas and oranges grow the thermometer has fallen to 22°. There are fears that the trees will be injured and that the next crops may be materially affected.

The two sons of the Prince of Wales—Prince George and Prince Victor—have made a highly creditable examination, returned last month to their mother, laden with prizes. They are immensely popular with the people of Darmouth, where their ship, the *Bullania*, lies. The two boys on joining, were at once christened "Herring" and "Sprat," and by these *sobriquets* are known to this day. The princes respond to their nicknames with jaunty frankness and sailor-like good humor.

The Emperor William continues his regular routine of daily life, uninfluenced by the attempts at assassination. Punctually at two, if the weather permits, he may be seen leaving his palace and proceeding in an open carriage for a drive to the Thiergarten. Despite the sad affliction to which he was exposed last year, and the wounds inflicted on him by the assassin, the aged Kaiser, who has passed fourscore years, is but little altered in appearance.

WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love? the maiden asked,
Then I wrote these words of truth.
When the brain is lightly tasked,
Love's a passion—in our youth.

When we enter manhood's race,
Grasp the honors of our time,
Find them empty, worthless, base,
Love's a solace—in our prime.

When our hairs are blanched by years,
Pain and fears our thoughts engage;
Still it glistens through our tears,
Love's a habit—in our age.

Leant the maiden on my chair,
Stayed my hand with playful strife,
Shook her sunny, silken hair—
"Love," she whispered, "*is our life.*"

The Pennsylvania couple who were married a few days ago at the ages of eighty-six and eighty-seven are considerably outdone by two representatives of the Jewish race youth of eighty-eight. Indeed, the bride has a daughter, with whom she has lately lived, whose age is as great within four years as her step-father's, while a great-great-great-granddaughter is a girl of thirteen. Notwithstanding her advanced age this bride is said to be strong in her faculties. She goes out of the house alone, hears and sees "perfectly well," and retains all her mental powers."

Mr. J. A. Symonds's "Renaissance in Italy" will be republished in this country by Henry Holt & Co., in March. This work met with a warm approval from the English reviewers. *The Academy* said it was "the most comprehensive and the most important essay on Italian art which has yet been written in our language;" while *The British Quarterly* said it was "one of the most valuable contributions to modern literature which have recently been given to the world."

A young man who had been expected for some time to "propose," but whose diffidence had kept him back, was astonished by his father saying to him as he set off for his sweetheart's residence one evening: "John, you'd better take the screwdriver along with you this time." "What for?" exclaimed John. "So as to screw up your courage a little," answered Pater. When John came home that night, he said: "I've done it, father."

The wife of the celebrated tragedian, Salvini, recently died at Florence, in her twenty-fourth year. The couple first met in London. Madame Salvini was an accomplished linguist, and was in the habit of translating *viva voce* the newspaper articles in different languages collected by her husband during his travels. A short time before her death she had commenced a translation of one of Schiller's plays for Salvini's repertoire.

Croton bugs and red ants can be driven off by sprinkling the floor with pulverized borax, and leaving a place for them them to get out; to kill them mix borax with sugar so they will eat it. For ants or other vermin, wash the shelves with a strong solution of borax; then sprinkle the same with borax mixed with sugar. When whitewashing your room, add a tablespoonful of pulverized borax to each pailful of lime.—*Exchange.*

At the close of his life Lord North was afflicted with total loss of sight. At Bath he met Colonel Barre, who had been his warm opponent in the House of Commons, and who was also blind. On being introduced to each other Lord North said, "Colonel, you and I have often been at variance; but I believe there are no people in the world who, after all, would be more glad to see each other."

Dr. Bellows says that it is unfortunate that so large a part of the world fails to recognize the truth that labor, manual as well as mental, is heaven's best gift to man. He declares that while it is natural for men to dislike to see their wives and daughters work, yet if they would work more they would have better health, and probably better tempers.

When a vender of greens in Boston, last week, was endeavoring to dispose of his stock in trade, his poor old nag, balked and refused to budge an inch. The driver finally commenced belaboring the animal with a stick, when an old lady thrust her head out out a window, and exclaimed, "Have you no mercy?" "No, ma'am," replied the pedler, "nothin' but greens."

Mental labor demands more sleep than physical labor; but from mature youth to past middle age more than eight hours in bed is debilitating. If some peculiar temperaments and some avocations require more than that amount of sleep, it is better to take a half-hour or an hour even in the middle of the day. When old age draws near, more sleep will be required, of course.

Li Po Sai is a Chinese doctor who has made much money and fame in San Francisco, and this is his diagnosis of the case of a gentleman who consulted him: "I think you too much dance, too much eat, too much fool round. If you dance, you no get better; too much eating, no good; too much fooling round no good."

A French lady, on her arrival in this country, was careful to eat only such dishes as she was acquainted with, and being on one occasion pressed to partake of a dish new to her, she politely replied: "No, I thank you, I eat only my acquaintances." She thought she had expressed herself in admirable English.

A gentleman in search of a man to do some work met on his way a lady, not as young as she once was, and asked her, "Can you tell me where I can find a man?" "No, I cannot,' she replied, "for I have been looking these twenty years for one myself."

A class was being examined recently in a sea-beaten town of Sussex. The subject under discussion was the flood. Among the first questions put was, "How did Noah understand that there was going to be a flood?" "Cause," shouted an urchin, "he looked at his almanac!"

It is related that John P. Hale once said to Alexander H. Stephens, alluding to the latter's diminutive size: "Stephens, if you don't look out I will swallow you." "If you do," replied the Georgian, "you will have more brains in your stomach than you ever had in your head."

☞ He thought he heard "the angels sing" but it proved to be a chorus of yells from the next door children. He grew desperate, procured a bottle of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup and sent it to Mr. S. with his compliments. He was a batchelor.

Lady Anna Blunt, who is about to publish an account of a winter residence among the Bedouin Arabs, is a granddaughter of the poet, Byron, being a daughter of the Earl of Lovelace, by Byron's only child "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart."

Mrs. Hayes is said to take an unfailing interest in brides. "Why," she is quoted as exclaiming, "I never in all my life put together saw so many brides as I have during my short occupancy of the White House, and each new one is just as great an object of tender interest as the last one."

ODDS AND ENDS.

Hide the faults of others.

Headquarters—A pillow.

Never betray a confidence.

Operators on change—Pickpockets.

Runaway team—An eloping couple.

Moldy bread and moldy cheese are poisonous.

Improved farming is in fencing your stock not your crops.

Canned fruit is an important item, in South American commerce.

—It is a fool who praises himself, and a madman who speaks ill of himself.

It only takes a popular song three weeks to [illegible].

A jockey calls [illegible] horses Kerosene and Petroleum, because they are a paraffine steeds.

Auntie: "Cecil, don't be so rude! You should not kiss gentlemen!" Cecil: "Why not, auntie? you do."

A bore meeting Douglass Jerrold, said: "What's going on to-day?" Jerrold said, darting past the inquirer, "I am."

The only way a reporter can get into the Vermont State Prison is to go and steal a horse, murder a man, or commit some other crime.

Mere immensity of size always astounds; but our wonder at the vast results accomplished by comparatively slight means remains the longest with us.

If all men were to bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take his own home again rather than take a portion out of the common stock.

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, sir," roared an irate lawyer to an exasporating witness. "Well, I am paying as little as I can," was the reply.

"Really, Mrs. Jones, you must excuse me; I must go now, for I have other fish to fry." "Ah, and if you wern't an old bachelor, you wouldn't have to do your own cooking."

"He is a man after my own heart, pa," said Julia, reverting to her Augustus. "Nonsense," replied old Practical; "he is a man after the money your uncle left you." And then all was quiet.

"What's your occupation?" asked a visitor at the Capitol of a bright boy whom he met in the corridor. The boy happened to be a page in the House. "I'm running for Congress," was the reply.

"How old are you, sissy?" said a Boston Highlands car-conductor recently to a little girl who was trying to ride for half fare. "Nine at home, sir, but on the cars only six," was the ready reply.

A widow lady, sitting by a cheerful fire in a meditative mood, shortly after her husband's decease, sighed out, "Poor fellow—how he did like a good fire. I hope he has gone where they *keep good fires!*"

Little Johnny was being catechized by his brother, who asked him what he was made of. Johnny replied—"You, and me, and papa, are made of dust, and mamma and sister are made of men's ribs."

At a friendly gathering at Holland House the conversation turned on love. Tom Moore compared it to a potato, because "it shoots from the eyes." "Or rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes less by paring."

Upon asking Lord Lansdowne whose bust it was that formed a prominent feature in his gallery, a lady vistor was told "Marcus Aurelius." "Marcus Aurelius," she returned—"the late marquis, I suppose?"

"Ah," said a father to his son William, "hearty breakfasts kill one half of the world, and tremendous suppers the other half."—"I suppose, then," retorted William, "that the true livers are only they who die of hunger."

A teacher was explaining to a little girl the meaning of the word cuticle.

"What is that all over my face and hands?"

"It's freckles, sir," answered the little cherub.

Thackeray was unsurpassed as a hero-worshiper. He said: "I should like to have been Shakspeare's shoeblack—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshiped him, to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face."

Smatterer—"I tell you, my dear fellow, I could translate Virgil fluently at the age of ten," Classical party—"I don't believe it." S. (excitedly)—"What? You don't? But I could though—just as well as I can now!" C. P.: "I believe that."

"What is your name?" asked a Sunday School teacher of a boy. "My name's Jule," was the reply; whereupon the teacher impressively said: "You should have said Julius, sir. And now my lad," turning to another boy, "what is your name?" "Bilious, sir."

Conscience has a thousand witnesses. A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body. It preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions that can befalls us.

A traveler stepped off a train at the Erie Depot, and accosting a newsboy, asked: "Sonny, what is the quickest way to get to the Central Depot?" "Run!" he answered, and set the example by getting out of the way pretty fast.

The code of honor is indebted to Cham for this additonal article: "If one of the principals in the duel be thinner than his adversary, it is his duty as a man of honor to button up his first second in his great-coat with him to give him the volume necessary."

"My son," said Mr. Jones, kindly, to his youthful heir, "accustom yourself to be polite to the footman, the parlor-maid, the coachman, to all the servants; thus you will come in time to be courteous to all people, even to your parents."

☞ THE brilliant sheen of the peacock's tail is not more attractive than the brilliancy of the dyes of Leamon's, preapared by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. There are used in almost every economical family for renewing faded garments. No dyes give greater satisfaction.

"Go to the devil!" said an irate householder to the tenth man who had pulled the bell within a half-hour to inquire if he wanted his "sidewalk shoveled off." "Begorra," said the Hibernian applicant, "I'm afeared he has no snow to shovel." He was engaged.

☞ ALL CLAIMED FOR IT.—S. Haviland, Salix, Iowa, says of the Perfected Butter Color of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.: I find it to be all that is claimed. It increased the selling price of my butter from 21 to 25 cents.

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Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

Thursday, March 6, 1879.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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—Elsewhere in this issue of our paper is published an account of the proceedings which transpired at St. Mark's Church last Sunday, when an article from the GAZETTE furnished the text upon which the Reverend Joseph Nagle commented in a manner that was not at all judicial. Not wishing to take idle reports which were flying around as a basis for any remarks, a representative of this journal called upon Mr. Nagle and obtained his side of the story, which is printed in another column. Taking Father Nagle's own story it will be seen that he denies having made any intrusion—an intrusion as he defines it, means a forcible entrance, which we did not charge him with making—and also denies the accuracy of our report in other unimportant particulars; but he admits the main facts, viz: that he entered the house and dispersed the party, thus intruding upon the premises of Mr. Pope, convinced [illegible] Nagle that in the GAZETTE injustice last Sunday in denouncing our report as untrue, and advising his congregation not to patronize the paper, and it will be in order for him to state next Sunday that he was mistaken, in as public a manner as he asserted that the article complained of was inaccurate.

—The Nevada courts are wrestling with a knotty ecclesiastical case, which bids fair to defy all their legal acumen. A Methodist Church recently expelled one of its members, and as he thought this action was the result of the pastor's spite against him, he set about conducting his devotions in a rather original manner. He owns a sawmill near the church, and on Sunday he attaches to the engine an immense steam calliope, upon which he performs divers sacred songs with such volume of sound that the voice of the neighboring parson is drowned. When taxed with disturbance of the Sabbath peace and divine worship, he responded that he had as much right to sing praises by steam calliope as the minister and congregation had by organ, and the temporal courts are now discussing the case on an appeal from the local magistrate, who sustained the plea of the excommunicated sawmill owner.

—Last Thursday, State Senator Cooper introduced a bill into the Pennsylvania Legislature, "To define liability and pleadings in civil actions for libel, which provides that in civil actions for libel there shall be no recovery of damages for the publication of papers relating to the official conduct of officers or men in public capacity, or to any other matter proper for public investigation or information, where the fact that such was not maliciously or negligently made shall be established to the satisfaction of the jury. Provided, however, that this act shall not be construed to prevent recovery for actual damages sustained by reason of libelous publication, where direct damages are averred and proven."

—At a meeting of delegates from the leading bar iron mills of the Atlantic States, held in Philadelphia on February 21, only one sentiment prevailed—the unprofitableness of the past and the hopefulness of the future. It was clearly shown that stocks of both materials and finished iron were greatly reduced; that the general business of the country was improving; that with specie resumption, our enormous and increasing exports, the heavy Western and Southern crops, abundant and cheap money, added to the present and impending contracts for railroads, cars and other industries, a largely increased business upon a firm basis is assured for 1879.

—They seem to have a prime assortment of troubles in Europe. There is cholera in Asia Minor, "black death" and Nihilism in Russia, Socialism and rinderpest in Germany, starvation and strikes in England, and hard times everywhere. In Berlin, 150,000 persons live in cellars, and not one family in forty has a house of its own, while 120,000 persons are now prosecuted for failing to pay rent. It would not be strange if there should be a perfect exodus from those over-crowded countries during the coming season. Of course, they will come to America.

—Congress adjourned on Tuesday at noon. The Army bill and the Legislative bill both failed, owing to the political schemes attached to them, which the Democrats of the House refused to give up. In both houses, the Republicans proposed that the appropriations covered by the two bills be continued for six months on the basis of those of the present year, but the Democrats objected and ruled the propositions out. The President has called a special session for the 18th inst.

—On Sunday last Mr. Lamar and other Southern Senators in open Senate eulogized Jeff. Davis in the most fulsome and extraordinary manner. And now the sight of Jefferson Davis drawing upon the United States Treasury for a pension would not be a peculiarly encouraging one to the loyal people who spent their blood and treasure in maintaining the integrity of the Nation he sought to destroy. But it is within the clear probabilities of the near future.

—The regular correspondent of the *Tribune* at Washington estimates that the Democrats will not have a full quorum of the next House, if a majority of the Representatives of all the districts is to constitute a quorum. The prospect is that there will be an exciting contest for the Speakership.

—The *Intelligencer* states that Congressman Evans voted against sustaining the President's veto of the Chinese bill. This was a vote on the wrong side of the question. Fortunately it made no difference in the result.

—Hon. William Godshalk, will enter upon his Congressional duties sooner than he anticipated, and will doubtless be on hand at the opening of the extra session.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 4, 1879.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Don Platt, editor of the *Sunday Capital*, met with an accident recently while in the Senate lobby, of rather a serious nature. He ran against the fist of Billy McGarrahan, of McGarrahan claim notoriety, by which he was felled to the floor, and then while down his head thumped itself severely several times on the tiles. As a consequence he has been laid up in bed with a black eye and swelled head, as trophies of his unfortunate wrestle with the plucky little Irishman. Platt has used his paper and personal influence to defeat McGarrahan's claim to the extent of arousing Billy's ire up to the fighting point, and though Platt was armed, it availed him nothing, for Billy's fist was too much for his pistols. He says, however, that he is thankful McG. gave him the thrashing he got, with his fists, as that is honorable, while cowhiding is not. Platt is the Ishmaelite of newspaperdom here. His hand is against everybody and everybody's hand is against him; hence the current of sympathy runs against him in this matter of assault, for no one condemns the action of McGarrahan, but are inclined to make a hero out of him. He has been the recipient of several bouquets and letters of thanks.

The witches in Macbeth did not have a more more seething cauldron than ours up in the Capitol. We are now in the last six days of the session, and they bring always a wab, in their inability to comprehend the situation, or to stem the torrent, allow matters to take their own pell-mell course. The Senate prolonged its labors one night to four o'clock in the morning trying to get a quorum, and so exhausted were many of the Solons by their hard work that the necessity for stimulation was alarming to those of temperance proclivities. At least several Senators whose total abstinence scruples are kept for use only in their homes in the States at election times and similar occasions where clear heads are demanded, succumbed to the bad air and laid themselves out for a night of sleep, or muggy intellects at their homes or in their committee rooms where comfortable sofas invite tired men to rest their wearied bodies and brains.

One of our ministerial friends remarked to us next morning that the reflection was an appalling one to him that our lawmakers should indulge in excesses at a time when the interests of the country demanded of them the utmost vigilance and attention.

The pastoralcy of a clergyman can be excused, for he is not presumed to know that more than half of the more important bills of Congress are passed in both houses in a perfect turmoil of haste and confusion intensified by too frequent potations, on the part of many legislators, of "cold tea" and similar beverages, inducing the happiest state of oblivion to all that is passing around or about them. There is little difference between the Senate and the House on the temperance score, for part of its members must be duly fortified whenever the country demands of them more than five hours labor in the twenty-four. It is well, indeed, that there are clear-headed men in both parties who can attempt to bring some kind of order out of the Congressional chaos which falls on Congress in its last six days.

Mr. Hale met with a defeat in an attempt to fillibuster yesterday, through not having his men properly in hand and instructed as to his tactics, for on the first dilatory motion several Republicans, from ignorance undoubtedly, voted with the Democrats and thereby enabled them, with the aid of the aid of the Speaker's tie vote to put a quietus on him. Mr. Hale has splendid fighting qualities, but fails sometimes, as in this case, by not having his rear rank well closed up. Three sleepy-headed Republicans unwittingly surrendered, and their loss, in connection with Sam Randall's vote, so demoralized Mr. Hale's force that he surrendered too and gave up the fight. The jubilancy of the Democrats was enthusiastic, for they did not anticipate a victory.

The most contemptible action of which any official here was ever guilty was that of the Commissioner of Pensions suspending a batch of attorneys because they signed a letter of recommendation of another attorney who made improper use of the letter in connection with a begging circular. Bentley is moving heaven and earth to secure the passage of a pet measure which puts the entire pension interests of the country into the hands of sixty surgeons appointed by him. The pension attorneys have fought the fraud, and for mere political effect he suspended these few on a silly pretext. He charged no crime on them, or transgression of either law or rule of his office, but merely because a swindler used their names to further his schemes. The suspension will be promptly removed, as the mere suspension served Bentley's purpose. D. D.

HARRISBURG LETTER.

HARRISBURG, March 4, 1879.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—About seven inches of snow fell here on Sunday night and had mostly disappeared by Monday evening, and since then the weather has been very fine. Mr. Hannum's appointment as Sealer of Weights and Measures for Bucks county was confirmed by the Senate to-day. The vagrant bill was called up last Friday, and after an earnest discussion pro and con was referred back to the committee from which it came, for further consideration and amendment. The State needs a special law to protect its citizens, especially in the rural districts, from the dangerous and vicious class that have made vagrancy a profession and have brought the honest traveler in pursuit of labor into disrepute. A law to reach the design of the vagrant bill requires to be carefully guarded, so that the innocent traveler looking for business or work should not be subject to the punishment designed for a different class of people.

The salary bill for the reduction of the State officers' salaries from the Governor down to the night watchman of about twenty-five per cent., was passed by the House to-day and now the responsibility of its final passage rests with the Senate. An effort was made last evening to re-commit the riot damage bill, without success, by Law and Hall, of Philadelphia. About thirty-five bills have gone through the House on third reading. BUX.

—The National Quarantine and National Board of Health bills were intended chiefly for the benefit of the South; yet few of the Southern Representatives in Congress voted in favor of them.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

☞ Communications intended for this column must be addressed to "Children's Editor," GAZETTE Office, Bristol.

There are, perhaps, few, if any, of the Bristol boys and girls, who, if asked to tell who King Canute was, would not at once repeat the anecdote from their English histories, of his ordering the waves of the sea to retire. In some of the histories, there is a picture of the old king, his chair drawn to the edge of the waves, his hands raised in command, a crowd of fawning courtiers standing around to behold a miracle they knew very well he could not perform.

King Canute was a sensible old fellow, and he chose a very good way to teach his silly flatterers just what their adulation was worth. He had been a bad man in his youth, but in the latter part of his life he tried hard to atone for his early faults, and in repenting he had acquired humility. Although a king, he very well knew himself to be but a man, in spite of the praises of his followers. The verses given below will tell again the story to those who already know it, and to the few, or many, boys and girls not yet in English history, these verses will tell the old story in the most entertaining way possible. They were written by a great English writer—Mr. Thackeray—all of whose writings will, I hope, become familiar to the boys and the girls as they advance to manhood and womanhood.

King Canute.

[illegible] mitch and robbing more,
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea shore.

'Twixt the chancellor and bishop walked the king with steps sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver sticks and gold sticks great.
Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause;
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws,
If to laugh the king was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, *that* was clear to old and young.
Thrice his grace had yawned at table when his favorite gleeman sang.
Once the queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the keeper of the seal;
"Sure my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner, or the veal?"
"Psha!" exclaimed the angry monarch, "keeper! 'tis not that I feel.

"'Tis the *heart* and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair;
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
O, I'm sick, and tired, and weary,"—some one cried—"The king's arm chair!"

Then toward the lackeys turning quick, my lord the keeper nodded,
Straight the king's arm-chair was brought him, he two footmen able-bodied,
Languidly he sank into it; it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," he cried, "over storm and brine,
I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine?"
Loudly all the courtiers echoed, "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now and old.
Those fair sons I have begotten, long to see me dead and cold.
Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent mould.

"O, remorse, the writhing serpent! At my bosom tears and bites,
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed of nights.

"Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming vainly for their slaughtered sires."
—"Such a tender conscience," cries the bishop, —"every one admires.

"But for such unpleasant by-gones, cease, cease, my gracious lord, to search,
They're forgotten and forgiven by our Holy Mother Church!
Never, never, does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

"Look! the land is crowned with minsters, which your Grace's bounty raised;
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and heaven are daily praised;
You, my lord, to think of dying! on my conscience, I'm amazed!"

"Nay, I feel," replies King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."
"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear),
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the bishop roared, with actions made to suit,
"Are you mad, my good lord keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?"
Meekly lived a *thousand* years, and sure his Majesty will do't.

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, Mahaleel, Methusela,
Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the king as well as they?"
"Fervently," exclaimed the keeper, "fervently, I trust he may!"

"He to die," resumed the bishop, "He a mortal like to us?
Death was not for him intended, though consumers omnibus;
Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing, no'er a doctor can compete,
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet,
Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew his foeman, bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop," Canute cried,
"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride,
If the *moon* obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."
Canute turned towards the ocean, "Back," he said, "thou foaming brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat,
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat,
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet."

But the sullen ocean answered, with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;
Back the keeper and the bishop, back the king and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship, that which earth and seas obey;
And his golden crown of Empire, never wore he from that day.
King Canute is dead and gone; parasites, exist alway!

Tom's conundrum has been guessed. Queen Mary took her pills, just as we take ours—in-side-her. If Tom wants to make us think she took them in *cider*, though, we will to oblige him, as we see no objection to that harmless, delightful beverage—when it is sweet.

The Boy Who Gave his Note.

A Boston lawyer was called on a short time ago by a boy, who inquired if he had any waste paper to sell. The lawyer had a crisp, keen way of asking questions, and is, moreover, a methodical man. So, pulling out a large drawer, he exhibited his stock of waste paper.

'Will you give me two shillings for that?'

The boy looked at the paper doubtingly a moment and offered fifteen pence.

'Done,' said the lawyer; and the paper was quickly transferred to the bag of the boy, whose eyes sparkled as he lifted the mighty mass.

Not till it was safely stowed away did he announce that he had no money.

'No money! How do you expect to buy paper without money?'

Not prepared to state exactly his plan of operations, the boy made no reply.

'Do you consider your note good?' asked the lawyer.

'Yes, sir.'

'Very well; if you consider your note is good, I'd just as soon have it as the money; but if it isn't good I don't want it.'

The boy affirmed that he considered it good; whereupon the lawyer wrote a note for fifteen pence, which the boy signed legibly, and, lifting the bag of papers trudged off.

Soon after dinner the little fellow returned and, producing the money, announced that he had come to pay his note.

'Well,' said the lawyer, 'this is the first time that I ever knew a note to be taken up the day it was given. A boy that will do that is entitled to note and money too'; and, giving him both, sent him on his way with a smiling face and happy heart.

The boy's note represented his honor. A boy who thus keeps his honor bright, however poor he may be in worldly things, is an heir to an inheritance which no riches can buy,—the choice promises of God.—*New York School Journal.*

LAMBERTVILLE, N. J., March 3, 1879.

EDITOR BOYS AND GIRLS COLUMN:—Tell drum, How did Mary Queen of Scots take her pills? *In Cider* (inside her). I give one,—When is a soldier like a grapevine?

Respectfully, J. EVERETT PURSELL.

—The financial troubles of the archbishop of the Southern Ohio diocese culminated on Tuesday. After suits for nearly $100,000 had been brought in on attachment, it was decided to make an assignment. Archbishop Purcell signed papers making over to his brother, Father Edward Purcell, all his real and personal property outside of actual church and parochial school property. The estimated approximate value is a drop in the bucketonly—about $400,000.

Father Edward Purcell on Wednesday made an assignment to John B. Mannix, attorney.

The trustees, who will now have to make over their affairs to the assignee, state that the number of accounts filed thus far is 3,502, and the total of claims $3,651,342.92, there being more to hear from. Of the property turned over there is not a particle of church property properly speaking. It is claimed that it cannot be touched for the debts. Such is the latest feature of this last stupendous piece of carelessness and idiocy in finance. The brother of the rich bishop of a diocese, acting as a savings bank for thirty years, took the money of nearly four thousand persons, kept no books whatever, and paid compound interest, and that with the archbishop's consent and co-operation and in the archepiscopal palace.

—H. M. S. Pinafore encountered at New-Brunswick, N. J., last Friday night, what surely no man-of-war ever encountered before—or hardly ever—viz.: a storm of eggs and vegetables. The performance, it appears, was not to the mind of the college students in attendance. They remained after the rest of the audience had left the hall in disgust, and they pelted the poor *Little Buttercup* and the gallant *Sir Joseph* till the unfortunate mariners were obliged to sail out and abandon the performance. Even this concession did not ease the critical mind of the undergraduates, for they followed the troupe to their hotel and howled disapprobation from the sidewalk, so that the ship's company was compelled to sail for more pacific waters. The sweet little cherub who sits up aloft to take care of poor Jack down below, had evidently abandoned his post. It has been thought that the days of this kind of theatrical criticism were gone forever; and it is odd that the first case of decided dramatic damnation should come from the country. The performance, it is to be feared, must have been bad indeed.

—The Washington *Post* says: "Sam Hildebrand, the Prince of Missouri outlaws, who, with a price on his head has often been sought by Sheriffs, but never been captured, was supposed to have died a few years since, and the people of Southwest Missouri promptly celebrated the event, and have breathed free ever since. It now appears that this report of his death was inspired by himself to mislead his enemies, and that he has been in Mexico. He was recently seen and interviewed in the woods by a St. Louis merchant, who was on a hunting expedition, and stated that he had stopped killing men, that he would never be taken alive, and that his sole desire now is to see his children in St. Louis. He entered the Confederate service during the war, but finally deserted and joined the bushwackers. He never forgot nor forgave an injury, and his vindictive nature induced him to kill every enemy so far as possible. He has probably killed more men and has furnished more subjects for dime novel writers than any other outlaw in the West.'

—The cashier of a Western Bank became insane, last fall, and was sent to the water cure at Clifton Springs, N. Y., with a constant attendant, with whom he occupied a room in the fourth story of the house. One afternoon, as his attendant was in a doze, with the front window down at the top, he seized a pillow from the bed, threw it out of the window and jumped out after it. His attendant at once awoke, but too late to stop him, and rushed downstairs to gather up the supposed mangled remains. He found that his patient had struck on the piazza roof, 30 feet below, and though badly shaken up he was not seriously hurt; and still more remarkable was the fact that the shock brought him to his reason and he has continued rational ever since.

—The English scientific journal, *Nature*, announces an invention, which, if proved to be successful, is likely to revolutionize telegraphy. It is a real telegraphic writing machine, and when the writer at one end of the line moves his pen, another is simultaneously moved at the terminus of the wire, as though by a phantom hand, in precisely similar curves and motions. Experiments which have been made with the new invention have been entirely satisfactory, and its marvels are quite as startling as those of the telephone. Mr. E. A. Cowper, a well-known mechanical engineer, is the inventor, and the apparatus is soon to be made public before the Society of Telegraphic Engineers.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—There is talk of summer concerts at Gilmore's Garden again—this time with Dodworth as conductor.

—Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson's lawn at Concord is said to be the favorite gathering place of the young people and children of that pleasant town.

—A recent analysis of twenty-one popular hair 'restorers' and hair dyes now in the market, showed that fifteen of them contained poisonous quantities of lead.

—O'Leary, Rowell, Ennis and Hartman have signed the agreement for the six days' walk. If any one makes more than 450 miles, no one who makes less is to have any share in the gate-money.

—Mr. Edison declares that there is not the slightest hitch in his efforts to establish separate electrical lights or burners. All he wants is time to perfect what he is laboring on.

—M. Zola, the French novelist, who is just now in the flood-tide of his popularity, besides being a novelist, is a dramatic critic for a Paris newspaper and a literary correspondent for a Russian review.

—Father Walker, a Romish priest at Circleville, O., has excommunicated Marfield, editor of the *Union Herald*, of that place, because he published a paid advertisement of Edith O'Gorman's lecture. So says the *Register*.

—Miss Maggie Fitzgibbon has been elected State Librarian of Indiana by a joint convention of the two Houses of the Legislature, [illegible] two opponents, both of whom urged that their services to the Democratic party entitled them to the position.

—In the case of Robert Fox, proprietor the New American Theatre, who was sentence to thirty days imprisonment for selling liquor on Sunday, the District Attorney yesterday filed a petition in court for a rule against Fox, to show cause why the license for his theatre should not be revoked.

—A nugget of pure gold weighing thirteen ounces, or over a pound, Troy weight, has recently been dug up in Cabarrus County, North Carolina. It is a well-known fact that the largest lump of gold ever found in the United States was picked up in Cabarrus County many years ago.

—It frequently happens that a well conducted circus will carry away from a city over $50,000; but the Potter Committee has furnished amusement to the whole country at that price. This particular kind of entertainment, however, is growing a little monotonous, and it is just as well that the show has ended.

—The welding of horn or tortoise shell is performed by lapping the two pieces upon each other and then pressing together between two plates of hot iron. The heat of the iron is prevented from injuring the shell by the interposition of a wet linen cloth, and by immersing the whole in hot water.

—A fondness for fiction is certainly not an infallible indication of weakness of intellect. Lord Beaconsfield is known to relish a spicy novel, and Caleb Cushing is supposed by associates to have devoured 5,000 of them. With them, however, fiction was only a recreation after the contemplation of the productions of literature.

—A Woodchopper on Lewis's Mountain, Wis., amused himself by riding astride the logs as they slid down a snowy incline, and jumping off just before they went over a precipice. The fall was 150 feet, and the danger involved in the sport fascinating to the woodchopper; but he finally ventured too far, of course, and went down under a heavy log.

—The "Library of Poetry and Song," which was put forth some time ago under the nominal editorship of the poet Bryant, is made the subject of thorough examination by the *Sun* of the 16th ultimo. After turning its blaze upon more than two hundred errors, the luminary that shines for all gives up the hunt in despair, declaring that "the work, in so far as it differs from preceding anthologies, is little else than a mass of blunders."

—A movement is in progress among the members of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia for the formation of settlements in the West, and active steps have already been taken. There have been many complaints owing to the isolation of members of the Society in different parts of the West, that they were gradually losing interest in the principals and customs of their sect, and by these settlements it is hoped to bring them together. It is the intention to form an association which shall purchase tracts of land and sell farms and lots to Friends, or those in sympathy with them, and also to aid persons whose means are limited with help in the erection of dwellings and other necessary things in their settlements. The association will lay out roads, and erect meeting-houses and school buildings. In all deeds a clause will be inserted prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

☞ Hot drinks should be avoided in day time during cold weather, as they have a tendency to weaken the lungs and affect the throat. Take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for all cases of coughs, colds and hoarseness.

☞ INDIGESTION.—The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.

☞ Use E. C. Neidt & Co's., Oleine Soap. It is equal to any and excelled by none. It makes wash day a pleasure, and keeps the family in good humor. Is cheerfully indorsed by all good house wives. Every bar full weight. Ask for it and be contented.

☞ Dobbins' starch polish, which gives that brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work is for sale in Bristol, at J. Wesley Wright's store. It costs but little to try it.

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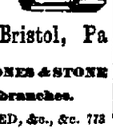

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CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED, &c., &c. 773

Miscellaneous.

HOW TO SHOP BY MAIL OR EXPRESS.

The increased tendency of persons residing at a distance from the great business centres to do their shopping by mail has induced us to organize a Special Department for this branch of our trade; and having secured the services of a man of large experience in this business, and familiar by travel with the wants of the different localities of the United States, he, with his assistants, both male and female, will in the future promptly and fully respond to any orders or requests for samples, prices, or information that we may be favored with.

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To our old friends and customers we return our sincere thanks, and hope through untiring watchfulness and a steady, constant application to all the requirements which go to make up a thoroughly perfect and successful system, to excel in this plan of doing business with those at a distance. We are very desirous of making this correspondence mutually advantageous by placing it on a permanent basis, thereby making it to your advantage to do your shopping through our **SAMPLE AND MAIL-ORDER DEPARTMENT.** *We solicit your orders or requests for samples and information.*

Have the Children send for a full set of our Picture Advertising Cards.

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JOSHUA PEIRCE.

Notice.

AS I have been compelled to vacate the premises No. 26 Mill Street, which I have occupied as a BAKERY, I have secured the premises on MILL STREET, opposite A. L. Packer's Flour and Feed Store, where I intend carrying on the Baking business. Thanking the public kindly for their past patronage, I hope by proper attention to business to receive a continuance of the same. Yours respectfully, A. M. MOFF.

N. B.—All orders received at the store, or by the carriers, or through the mail, will be promptly attended to. 199

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A VERY desirable first-mortgage of fifteen hundred dollars, with Interest payable semi-annually. JOSHUA PEIRCE.

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette.

Thursday, March 6, 1879.

SORTS.

—The steamboats will soon be running again.

—A tug boat went up the river yesterday morning.

—Hon. I. N. Evans has our thanks for public documents.

—A series of temperance meetings is now being held nightly at Yardleyville.

—John H. Green will succeed James Roberts as engineer of the Ellwood Doron.

—The ferry boat Ellwood Doron will if everything is favorable begin running next Monday.

—Lenten services have been held during the week at St. James and St. Mark's churches.

—The Temperance Lyceum meets next Tuesday evening. No fee is required to secure admission.

—An effort making to establish a first class Musical Society in Bristol, is likely to prove successful.

—Samuel Brudon, our fish merchant, at the Town Hall, even wishes it were Lent all the year around.

—A telegraph dispatch from the Kansas Colonists, who left Bristol last week, states that the party arrived at their destination safely.

—At the Monthly meeting of the Bristol Building Association, five loans were sold to Charles E. Banes, at $23.50 premium per loan.

—The next session of the Philadelphia Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church convenes next Wednesday at Germantown. A number of Bristol Methodists will be in attendance.

—Mrs. Sallie M. Ridge has opened a trimming and notion store at No. 56 Wood street, where everything pertaining to the business is kept on hand in great variety and can be purchased at city prices.

—A. K. Hoff, the baker, has removed his establishment to Wood Street, between Mulberry and Market, where the house lately occupied by John Milligan, has been remodelled to accommodate Mr. Hoff's business.

Col. Davis lectures to-morrow evening at Washington Hall, for the benefit of the Relief Society. The occasion promises to be one of much interest, and those wishing to hear a capital lecture would do well to purchase tickets immediately.

—This morning Willie Percy, attempted to get on a freight train, fell, and in consequence had his foot run over by the cars, and will probably have to lose his big toe. This should serve as a warning to other boys who are fascinated with jumping on the cars.

—The annual Missionary Anniversary of the Methodist Sunday School took place on Sunday afternoon. The exercises consisted of singing by the school and short addresses by Prof. Krichbaum and J. Wesley Wright. The former on behalf of the school presented the church with a handsomely bound copy of the new Methodist hymnal, which was received by Jacob S. Young, who as a representative of the church, responded with appropriate remarks.

—A large crowd of people gathered at the Mill street wharf on Monday morning, attracted by the puffing and blowing of a strange steamboat which made its appearance around the point opposite Burlington, coming up the river in spite of the ice which reached from shore to shore. The craft proved to be City Ice Boat No. 1, which proceeded as far as Florence, breaking a channel, and returned the same morning to the city.

—On Monday night, Constable Saxton, in his travels, overhauled two young men whose peculiarly striped costume indicated too plainly, that they had not long before been intimately acquainted with the inside of the House of Correction, at Holmesburg. They were at the railroad depot getting warm, when captured, rather a public place for runaways. The Town House was their lodging place for the remainder of the night and on Tuesday an officer from Holmesburg came up and escorted the singularly uniformed prisoners back to their old quarters.

—Post 73, G. A. R. met with a cordial reception at Trenton on Tuesday evening. They were received at the depot by a delegation from Post 8, and escorted to the residence of Gov. McClellan. After a patriotic air by the band, the members of the Post were introduced to the Governor, and the usual handshaking followed. The command then countermarched and proceeded to the post room in City Hall. Here they were formally welcomed by Generals Rusling and Campbell, whose remarks were responded to by Comrades Landreth and Scott. The "army grub," bread, beans, beef and coffee were brought in, followed by lighter refreshments, and a right jolly time was had until the hour for departure of the Bristol comrades. One curious fact is noticeable in connection with the demonstrations of Post 73, they almost invariably come home in the rain.

—The many friends of Rev. J. H. Drumm, D. D., will be pained to learn of his death, which occurred in Bristol on Wednesday. Before the Doctor resigned the rectorship of St. James' Church his health was failing, and after entering upon his duties as pastor of the church at New Britain, Conn., was compelled to relinquish his charge because of increasing ill health. A change of climate was recommended by his physicians, and in accordance therewith he went to Texas, but received no permanent benefit and only sojourned there a few months. Last spring he returned to Bristol where, surrounded by kind friends and his old parishioners, he bore his sufferings patiently until the end came, when he passed calmly and peacefully away. By his death the Episcopal Church loses a clergyman of much and varied learning, an earnest and untiring worker, and an able controversialist, as his contributions to the GAZETTE and other journals often proved. He will be long remembered by his friends and acquaintances in our borough, among whom he lived and labored for years, for his manly courage and the many estimable qualities he possessed, and made known, both in public and private life. His funeral will take place on Saturday.

—Information was received at this office that the Rev. Father Joseph Nagle, the young assistant priest, was so much incensed at the publication in the last issue of the GAZETTE of the account of his breaking up the dancing party at Thomas Dunnett's, that on Sunday at each of the public services at his church he read the article to his congregation and commented upon it in a very excited manner, denouncing the statements as untrue, saying they were lies, and that the allusions to himself were lacking the reverence with which he was entitled to be spoken of. He called especial attention to this part of his complaint, and said that those members of his church who had any respect for him would not subscribe, buy, read or patronize the GAZETTE nor its editor in any manner whatsoever. Wishing to know what he would have to say in regard to the matter, on Monday morning a representative of the GAZETTE called at St. Mark's parsonage to interview the gentleman, who not being at home, the interview was postponed until Tuesday morning, when the desired interview was obtained. The reporter was ushered into the comfortable reception room of the parsonage and seating himself waited but a few minutes when the young priest appeared, and shaking hands cordially with his visitor, sat down, and in answer to a number of inquiries, in a good-humored manner, between the puffs of his fragrant cigar, gave the following information: "I saw the article in the GAZETTE, and was not surprised to find it there; I expected as a matter of news that it would be published. I didn't care anything about what was said, except the withholding of my title as Reverend. I have been studying theology for fifteen years and am entitled to the appellation referred to, and I was not pleased at the disrespectful manner of alluding to me as 'the young man, Joseph Nagle.' I don't care anything about it now, however, except to have my proper title accorded to me, and I think it would be a good thing for the paper if that correction was made, for I know a good many people who expect to see it made." "Was the statement as published, correct?" asked the reporter. "No," replied the reverend father, "the account published speaks of intrusion. I did not make any intrusion, and I was not at all mistaken in the house. I knew it very well, but did not know the family who resided there, and I did not swing my arms around so as to strike any one. I merely, after the door was opened by the man living there, swung my cane around a few times." When asked if he would write out a statement to this effect, he said he couldn't that owing to the complete occupation of his time by clerical duties he would be unable to write any statement that morning; but the newspaper representative stating that a card would be in time for publication as late as Thursday, he promised to write one if time allowed. When asked what was done in the matter by him on Sunday, he said he merely read the article to his congregation at the two regular services, and pointed out the disrespectful manner in which it was written, telling them they could do as they pleased about patronizing the paper. The manner of the priest seemed to intimate that any of his flock who had anything to do with a paper which spoke disrespectfully of him would show more temerity than he had any idea any of his members possessed; so the reporter asked if the report that he forbade his members to read, buy or subscribe for the GAZETTE was true, and received for an answer that a priest had no right to forbid his people to read anything unless it was immoral. As there was nothing more to inquire about, the interviewer bade adieu to the Rev. Father Joseph Nagle, who very politely accompanied him to the portico, and bowing courteously disappeared within doors, after again promising to send a "card" for publication if he could spare time to write one.

Mrs. Dunnett was called upon by a reporter and asked if the statement published of the dancing party was correct. She said it was, in the main particulars; that the Reverend Father Joseph Nagle came to the front door while some other man remained to watch the back door; and her husband seeing something was the matter unlocked the front door, which was immediately pushed open by the young priest, who came in and flourishing his cane around struck her husband, and Edward Gibeson, who was playing the violin. Most of the dancers fled when the priest appeared, and when he thought the party broken up, he went out of the front door and up the alley, where he was followed by Mr. Dunnett, who demanded his name, and being informed, did not do anything more until he appeared at Squire Bailey's office to see about getting out a warrant for the arrest of the priest, which he would have obtained, had not the priest come to the house and apologized for his unfortunate intrusion.

Mr. Dunnett corroborated what his wife said, adding that a few days before the party occurred, some of his friends asked and obtained permission to come to his house with a party, and that twenty two persons were present, of whom but five were Catholics. The priest believing the house to be untenanted, thought it had been secured by members of his Church for the dance which was in progress when he visited the place, and made his unexpected appearance among the company. Dunnett says Rev. Father Nagle burst open the door and struck both the musician and himself, but seeing his mistake soon left, and the next day apologized to him and offered to repair whatever damage was done. Edward Gibeson, the violinist, also said the report published last week was substantially correct, and gave an account of the affair, agreeing with the statements of Mr. and Mrs. Dunnett.

—The Doylestown *Mirror* has evidently made a mistake, and thinks Symington Phillips a Republican. By no other theory can the attack upon our respected Representative be explained. It may enlighten the *Mirror* to be informed that the legal adviser of our borough council and ex-Attorney General Lear, some months ago expressed opinions that there is no incompatibility in holding the office of borough councilman, and the office of Assemblyman at the same time, and if these lights of our county cannot interpret our new Constitution correctly, who can?

—Aaron La Rue well known in our community, died on Wednesday morning after an illness of only a few days.

—A notices at the Post Office, requests boys not to loaf around there. Boys cannot read such notices very readily.

—At the Bristol Institute on Tuesday evening, in the absence of the President and Secretary, Rev. W. H. Conard was called to the chair and Miss Sallie M. Hawke was elected Secretary. A piano duet, selections from "Faust," by Mrs. William and Miss Sallie Hawke, was the first exercise—after the little debate upon some amendments to the constitution—and was followed by a biographical sketch of Homer by A. Weir Gilkeson. After the ancient and possibly mythical poet was laid quietly to rest again, Miss Jennie Peck, as substitute for Miss Madge Bailey, sang a solo entitled "Don't Let the Roses Listen," which was encored, and Claribel's well known ballad, "Five o'clock in the Morning," given in response; this also being encored, the last verse was repeated. The next selection upon the programme was "Comin' Thro' the Rye," by Miss Jessie Wells; and we naturally expected the song of that name, but were favored with an essay. Following came the recitation of a poem by Miss Carrie Wooley, which was so well done that she was recalled and recited another poem entitled "Papa's Letter." Mrs. E. Wilson then gave a piano solo, and Joseph W. Swain read an anonymous essay describing a picture gallery discovered by some one possessing the luxury of a wood fire. The concluding number was an essay upon "Radicalism and Conservatism," by Daniel Muncey, read by Mrs. Pray. The President, Dr. Knox, having come into the room, upon request of Mr. Conard took his place as presiding officer, and an animated debate sprung up about one of the constitutional amendments which it was supposed had been agreed to at the beginning of the meeting. There were appeals from the decision of the chair made, and a call for a yea and nay vote, and finally a motion to adjourn was made, but declared out of order. Appeals for a yea and nay vote, points of order, and other parliamentary or unparliamentary tactics then became inextricably mixed up, until a motion made to reconsider the amendment was carried unanimously, and a motion for a yea and nay vote being defeated, the amendment was passed by a large majority and the meeting adjourned.

—The pedestrian fever has reached Bristol, and on Tuesday morning the people in the vicinity of Radcliffe street below the Water Works, and upon Mill street, had an opportunity of witnessing the beginning of a walking-match between Joseph Ritman and "Bud" Howe, the amateur champion, both from Frankford. Both pedestrians were dressed in base ball style, and at eleven o'clock precisely, Ritman started off from the corner opposite the GAZETTE office, walking very vigorously and apparently without more than ordinary effort. Howe did not start until half-past eleven, and when the word "go" was pronounced, darted off, swinging his arms so that he looked like an animated wind-mill, and as far as he could be seen kept ahead of the horse and wagon which accompanied him. The distance they proposed to walk was from Bristol to Frankford. Pedestrianism, like most every thing else, is good in moderation, but carried to extremes as it appears to be at present, its value is overbalanced by the evils attendant upon such exhibitions.

—The annexation of Byberry and Moreland to this county seems likely to succeed, notwithstanding the desire of our Democratic friends to defeat the measure in the Legislature by tacking on amendments to the bill. It is interesting to observe the anxiety of the Democrats to have the matter left to a vote of the county. Nobody would object to leaving it to a popular vote if it were a measure which would in any way be disadvantageous to the county, but when by so doing the measure would only be delayed, not defeated, there is no reason why the thing should not be settled by the Legislature. By the way, the Democrats have always been very strenuous advocates against the policy of allowing the Legislature to delegate its powers, especially when the local option bill was up for action.

—Two freight trains collided on the Junction railroad, near the Kensington branch of the Pennsylvania railroad, on Tuesday morning last, about one o'clock. Both locomotives and several cars were mashed. One of the trains caught fire and several cars were burned. John Paxson a son of Thomas Paxson of Oxford Valley, one of the engencers had both legs crushed and had to have one amputated while Charles Cole of Bsistol, had three of his ribs broken and was injured internally. Both men were taken to the University Hospital Philadelphia, and were getting along as well as could be expected when last heard from. Since the above was written Paxson has died, on Wednesday.

—During Sunday night an attempt was made to rob the store of Henry Sutch, on Otter street. Mrs. Sickles living near by, heard a noise which aroused her suspicions, and raising her window, the burglars were scared off. If they had not been disturbed in their operations they would soon have forced an entrance, as the bolt of the lock was bent around so that it would have been comparatively easy for the door to be pried open. In their hurried departure they left behind a small iron jimmy, with which they had bent the lock bolt and a pale from some fence, which they had either used or intended to use. A rumor that the residence of Peter Bloomsburgh had been entered and robbed the same night, was current but proved to be unfounded.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol Post Office, Wednesday March 5th, 1879:—Wm. Aberamt, Adeline Banks, Mrs. Lizzie Barnes, Mary Bartleson, Jas. Boker, Mr. Wm. E. Booz, Daniel Curren, John F. Castner, S. M. Divertey, Mr. Fidler, (Bunker Hill), Mrs Hannah Glassing, Annie Hagney, T. Kirk Harris, Edward Johnson, Mrs. Jennie Knight, John Kline, Rosa Leedom, Benj. Curl, Jacob Steinbaker, J. W. Thomas, Martin A. Wright.

—"Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore should be purchased and added to the American navy. The "Pinafore" came all the way from Europe to this country without an accident.

—The Newtown Railroad carried last year 120,000 passengers and about 30,000 tons of freight.

—A post-office has been established at Johnsville, and E. M. Walton appointed postmaster.

—The Fallsington Library will be removed to its new building on the first of April.

—An evening with Longfellow at Morrisville on the 27th of February, was a very pleasant and successful entertainment. The weather was favorable and the audience was as large as could be comfortably accommodated. The musical and literary exercises if we may judge by the strict attention and evident enjoyment, gave very general satisfaction. A warm feeling of gratitude is manifested to the friends from Bristol, who so generously and efficiently contributed to the entertainment of the evening. The Biographical sketch of the great American poet, by John C. Stuckert, was happily conceived and pleasantly delivered; An account of a visit to the home of the artist added additional interest to his narrative. The selections from the author, as read by Miss Laura Barber and Miss Addie Boileau, of Morrisville; Miss Curns, of Trenton; Miss Duffield, of Hulmeville; and Miss Clark, of Fallsington; were received with evident manifestations of favor. Miss Jessie Wells, Miss Katie E. Thomas, Mr. Scheide and Mr. Bartow, in the two quartettes and duet, accompanied by Miss May Wright, were encored and afforded the audience much pleasure. Miss Jessie Wells, made a most decided impression as a young lady of rare abilities as a vocalist. In the solo, "The Day is Done," she was enthusiastically encored, and favored the audience with "Jamie." The audience at the close of the exercises, on motion of Rev. Mr. Holford, extended by a unanimous and rising vote, its thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who had made an evening with Longfellow so entertaining. After a ... the ladies at the residence of Mr. Joseph C. Taylor, where the performers of the evening were handsomely entertained, the evening with Longfellow came to its close.

—The Vanderbilt will contest came to an abrupt conclusion on Tuesday. The termination has been brought about by a compromise which involves also the pending suit of Cornelius Vanderbilt against W. H. Vanderbilt. Some of the evidence which the two plaintiffs, Mrs. La Bau and her brother, were prepared to submit in the event of further contest of their claims, was told to Judge Rapallo, and on the latter's advice negotiations and comprises followed Cornelius J. Vanderbilt is to receive $1,000,000 and his expenses in the suit in the Supreme Cours, and Mrs. La Bau, now Mrs. Berger, a like amount and costs; and the will of the late Commodore Vanderbilt is to remain uncontested. It is understood that all the other heirs have been satisfied, and that the numerous individual beneficiaries by the memoranda left by the testator with William H. Vanderbilt will receive their full claims.

—The N. Y. *Tribune* says: There is a religious newspaper in this city which has beaten the crowd in the way of business, for it offers to every new subscriber "a genuine seven-shooter revolver." It seems to have some sort of notion that seven-shooters are no precisely the instruments which an organ of Christianity should be engaged in distributing; it admits that its offer is extraordinary, but does not think the proposition inconsistent with the spirit of its columns "in these days of tramps and burglars." Perhaps not; indeed it would not be surprising if tramps and burglars should be found availing themselves of this excellent opportunity of getting seven-voiced barkers cheap. Who knows but they may also be led in this way to read a serious journal? And who can say what will come of it if they do?"

—It is rather late in the day to say anything commendatory of the H. M. S. Pinafore, which has received the universal approval of people of the highest classes in all parts of the country wherever it has been produced. But although most everybody has heard the opera, which is not only pretty and humorous, but unexceptional in morals, not everybody knows where to get a copy of the work. The most convenient edition as well as the cheapest, is the dollar edition published by O. Ditson & Co., for a copy of which we are indebted to them. The book can be obtained of any enterprising news dealer or by addressing the publishers, either at Philadelphia, New York or Boston.

—The Secretary of the Interior has decided the case of Thomas Kemp versus Thomas Starr, involving 160 acres, which embrace a considerable portion of the ground upon which the town of Leadville, Colorado, is situated. The department holds that the land embraced in the application is mineral land within the meaning of the statute, and that if Starr has complied with the mining laws he is entitled to a patent for the land embraced in his entry. The case has excited a great deal of interest in Leadville, and the cause of the rival disputants has once or twice very nearly resulted in bloodshed.

—A dispatch from Mount Holly, N. J., dated March 3, says: Last Saturday evening, John H. Dubel, of Mount Holly, shot his father while the latter was persuading the son, who, as alleged, was under the influence of liquor, to leave the hotel and go home. Two shots were fired, one taking effect. The sufferer, at last accounts, was still living, but it is feared that the wound will prove fatal.

—A handy little book, neatly bound and well printed, is the "Church Directory," containing a list of all the Protestant churches of Philadelphia, and their location, the names of their pastors and officers, time of holding service and other matters of interest. It is published by B. F. Paris, 115 South Seventh street, Philadelphia.

—The Congress just deceased, appropriated $200,000 for the improvement of the Delaware river between Trenton and Philadelphia. None of the money, we venture to assert, will be spent in an attempt to remove the bar opposite Bristol.

—The pedestrians who walked to Frankford on Tuesday, made pretty good time, but the one who started from Bristol at half past eleven o'clock reached the goal eight minutes ahead of his contestant who had half an hour's start. The winner made the distance, 14 miles, in two hours.

—Norris H. Hannum, of Lumberville, has been appointed Sealer of Weights and Measures for Bucks county.

☞ A RAVEN STANDARD.—The banner of despair floats no longer over people who suffer from kidney troubles, torpid livers, piles, and diseases which come from inactive bowels, after a few doses of Kidney Wort. For piles it works pleasantly and with healing effect.

Philadelphia Markets.

FLOUR.—The prices of Flour are well-maintained. Sales of extra at $4 to 4.62, extra family $4.75 to 5, and fancy brands at $7.75 to 8. Rye Flour $2.75 to 2.88. Corn Meal $2.55 to 2.60. Bran $14.50 to 15 per ton.

WHEAT.—Wheat has advanced. Sales of red and amber at $1.12¼ to 1.13¼, and white, $1.14. Rye firm, at 54 to 57c. Corn 44½c. Oats, mixed, 29 to 30c., good white, 31c., and choice white, 32 to 33c.

SEEDS.—Clover is in fair demand at 6¼ to 7c. per pound; Timothy $1.40 to 1.50 per bushel; and Flax $1.40.

PROVISIONS.—Mess Pork $10.50a11. Bacon Hams 8½a9½c. per pound. Sides, 6a6½c. Shoulders, 5½c. Lard, 6¾a7½c. Dressed Hogs, $5.25a6 per cwt. Butter, extra creamery, 24a 26c., do. firsts 20a23c. Choice State tubs 20a21c., do. firsts 17a19c., Western extra 18a19c., do. firsts 12a15. Cheese, New York factory cheese, 9¼a9½c. for choice, do. fair to good, 7¼a8¼c. Eggs, strictly fresh, 15a16.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Beef Cattle were in fair demand, but prices were a fraction lower, and sold at 5¼a5½c. for extra Pennsylvania and Western steers; 4¼a5c. for fair to good do., and 3a4½c. per pound, gross, for common as to quality. Cows and Calves were dull, demand light; prices $25a35. Sheep were dull, choice, 5¼a6c.; medium, 4¾a 5¼c.; common, 4a4¼c. Hogs continue active and prices higher; extra good, 7c.; good, 6¾c.; medium, 6½c.; common, 6¼c.

Hay and Straw.

During the past week there were 384 loads of hay and 68 of straw weighed and sold at the Farmers' Market, at the following prices; Prime Timothy per 100 pounds, 60a70c; mixed, 45a55c; Straw, 60a70c.

DIED.

BESSONETT.—In New York, March 4th, Joseph Bessonett, aged 45 years.

Funeral to-morrow at 2 o'clock P. M., from the residence of Isaac Gress, corner of Wood and Washington streets.

$10 to $1000 Invested in Wall St., Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything.

Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 1 Wall St., N. Y.

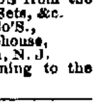
New Advertisements.

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS from the most reliable growers. Onion Sets, &c.

J. W. CORNELL & CO'S.,
Seed and Implement Warehouse,
25 N. Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.

☞ Dealers in everything pertaining to the Farm and Garden.

For Sale.



I WILL sell one or both of my Alderny Cows. Those desiring to purchase can see the same by calling upon or addressing the subscriber,

JAS. G. PAXSON,
Bristol, Pa.

Something New.

TRIMMING STORE ON WOOD STREET.

MRS. SALLIE M. RIDGE has just opened a trimming and notion store

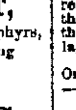
AT NO. 56 WOOD STREET,

Where you will find choice selection of Zephyrs, Trimmings, Fancy Good, and everything pertaining the business, in great variety, and at

CITY PRICES.

☞ Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

Assignee's Sale —OF— REAL ESTATE.



PURSUENT to a Deed of Assignment by Morton A. Walmsley, for the benefit of creditors, will be sold at Public Sale on Sixth day (Friday), the 28th of Third month (March), 1879, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the premises: The life estate of Morton A. Walmsley in all that certain Brick Dwelling House and Lot situate at the northerly corner of Radcliffe and Penn Streets, in the Borough of Bristol, Bucks County. The lot being 35 feet front by 215 deep to Cedar Street, bounded by lot of Elizabeth Jenks. The improvements a handsome Three-story House; 35 feet front by 28 deep, with kitchen back, the whole nearly new, well built, finished, and in good order, suitably divided into rooms, entries, and with cellar underneath, and furnished with heating apparatus, water, gas and other modern conveniences.

HENRY HAINES, Assignee.
WM. KINSEY, Auctioneer.

VALUABLE TRUTHS.

If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness take care, for **Hop Bitters will Cure You.**

If you are simply ailing; If you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why. **Hop Bitters will Revive You.**

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties; or a mother worn out with care and work, **Hop Bitters will Restore You.**

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your every-day duties; or a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work, **Hop Bitters will Strengthen You.**

If you are young, and suffering from any indiscretion, or are growing too fast, as is often the case, **Hop Bitters will Relieve You.**

If you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, *anywhere*, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, *without intoxicating*, **Hop Bitters is What You Need.**

If you are old, and your pulse is feeble, your nearves unsteady, and your faculties waning, **Hop Bitters will give you New Life and Vigor.**

Try Hop Cough Cure and Pain Relief.

Assignee's Sale —OF— STORE GOODS.

PURSUANT to a Deed of Assignment by Morton A. Walmsley, for the benefit of creditors, will be sold at Public Sale on Second day (Monday), the Tenth of Third Month (March), at the store on the corner of Mill and Radcliffe streets, Bristol Borough, the stock of store goods, consisting of Cassimeres, Cambrics, Ginghams, Calicoes, Drillings, Brown and Bleached Muslins, Table Linen, White, Red and Blue Flannels, Bed Ticking, Dress Goods, Alpacas, Dress Poplins, Laces and Silk Ribbons, Linen Handkerchiefs, Corsets, Ladies', Gents' and Misses' Hose, Toweling, fine quality of Buckskin Gloves, Ladies' Kid Gloves, Shirts, Vests, Drawers, and Undershirts, Suspenders, Gents' Linen Collars, Neckties, Overalls, Gum Shoes, Boots, Ladies' and Misses' Shoes and Slippers, Scarfs, Waterproof Cloth, Laces and Trimmings, Clark's best spool Cotton Thread, Sewing Silks and Patent Thread, Zephyrs and Knitting Cotton, Blankets, Shawls and Kentucky Jeans, Crockeryware, Glassware, Tinware and Woodenware in all their varieties; Sugars, Teas, Coffee, and Spices of all kinds, Molasses, Coal Oil, Canned Fruits, Brooms, Brushes, Oil Cloths, Clothes Lines, Hemp and Grass Rope, Salt in Sacks, Platform Scales, Counter Scales and Weights, Candles and Soap, Refrigerator and Tin Cadies, Three handsome Counter Show Cases, one cost $30; Wheelbarrow and Push-Cart, Oil and Vinegar, in barrels; Boxes, large Glass Case, Two Smaller, do., together with a hundred other things found in a well kept Dry Goods and Grocery Store. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock P. M., and continue from day to day, until all is sold.

HENRY HAINES, Assignee.
WM. KINSEY, Auctioneer. 3d mo., 3d, 1879.

COL. W. W. H. DAVIS,

OF DOYLESTOWN,

Will deliver a lecture at

WASHINGTON HALL,

On Friday Evening, March 7th, 1879,

Upon his recent visit to the Paris Exposition on

"Across the Sea,"

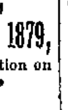
For the benefit of the

Bristol Relief Society,

COMMENCE AT 7.45 P. M.

ADMISSION, . 25 CENTS.

Administrator's Sale —OF— REAL ESTATE.



PURSUANT to an order of the Orphans' Court, of the County of Bucks, will be sold upon the premises, in the Borough of Bristol, Bucks County, Pa., upon SATURDAY, MARCH 8, A.D. 1879, at 2 o'clock P. M., of said day, the following described Real Estate, late the property of Seymour Taylor, deceased, to wit:

All that certain messuage and lot of land, situate upon Cedar Street, in the Borough of Bristol, aforesaid, containing in front upon said Cedar Street 19 feet, and extending back between parallel lines, at right angles with said Cedar Street, 88 feet, more or less, adjoining lands of B. F. Gilkeson, estate of Lewis P. Kinsey, deceased, and lands of the Baptist Church.

The improvements consist of a new 2 1-2 story frame house, devided into rooms of convenient size. The property is in good order, and well worth the attention of purchasers. Conditions made known on day of sale by

EVAN J. GROOM,
Administrator of Seymour Taylor, deceased.
William Kinsey, Auctioneer.

Miscellaneous.

Estate Notice.

ESTATE of Mary Larzelere, deceased, late of Bristol Borough. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same, to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

WILLIAM LARZELERE,
Administrator,
Bristol Township.

Or A. Swain his Attorney, Bristol Borough.

Estate Notice.

ESTATE of Joseph Thorp, late of the Borough of Bristol, in the county of Bucks, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

THOMAS B. DOUGLASS,
Administrator,
Bristol Borough.

Or B. F. Gilkeson, his Attorney.

Estate Notice.

ESTATE of Susan S. Douglass, late of the Borough of Bristol, in the county of Bucks, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

THOMAS B. DOUGLASS,
Administrator,
Bristol Borough.

Or B. F. Gilkeson, his Attorney.

Auditor's Notice.

THE undersigned Auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas, of Bucks County, to report distribution of the balance in the hands of Thomas Eastburn, assignee of Wilmer Tomlinson, of Southampton Township, Bucks county, to and amongst the persons entitled thereto, hereby gives notice to all persons interested, that he will meet them on Tuesday, the Fourth day of March, 1879, at ten o'clock A. M., ...

ANTHONY SWAIN, Auditor.

Auditor's Notice.

THE undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphan's Court of Bucks County to audit and distribute the balance in the hands of Albert L. Packer, Administrator of the estate of Mary Mulligan, deceased, hereby gives notice, that he will meet all parties interested, for the purposes of his appointment, at his office in the Borough of Bristol, on Wednesday, the Fifth day of March, A. D. 1879, at eleven o'clock A. M., when and where they may attend, if they see proper.

JOHN C. STUCKERT,
Auditor.

Assignee's Notice.

WHEREAS Morton A. Walmsley, of the Borough of Bristol, in the county of Bucks, and Abby L., his wife, on the fifth day of Second month, 1879, by Deed of Assignment, duly executed, assigned all his Property, real and personal, to the undersigned in trust, for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to the said Morton A. Walmsley are therefore requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against him to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

HENRY HAINES, Assignee.
No. 512 Walnut Street Phila.

Or A. Swain, his Attorney, Bristol.

Auditor's Notice.

THE undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court, of Bucks County to make distribution of the fund in the hands of Edward Balderston, Administrator of the Estate of Cornelius White, late of the Township of Falls, Bucks County, deceased, to and among the parties legally entitled to the same, hereby gives notice to all persons interested, to meet him at his office in the Borough of Bristol, on Tuesday, the 18th day of February, A. D. 1879, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to present their claims, when and where they will be heard.

ABRAM H. JONES.

January 27, 1879.

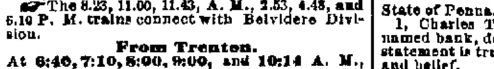
Western Land For Sale.

120 ACRES, 1 mile from Ashland, Cass Co., Nebraska. First quality, high and dry. Population of Ashland 1200, good markets. No improvements; price $1500. Through railroad from Philadelphia to Ashland. Payments easy.

J. S. THOMAS,
Bristol, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

NEW YORK DIVISION.



Trains to and from Bristol Station

For Philadelphia.

Kensington Depot, 7:08, 7:31, 8:21, 9:21 A. M. 12:24, 3:40, 5:51, and 7:16, P. M. West Phila. Depot, 6:25, 10:33 A. M., and 1:10, 3:09, 7:04 and 9:56 P. M. On Sundays, Kensington Depot, 12:24, and 5:23 P. M. West Phila. Depot, at 7:04 and 9:56 P. M.

For New York.

At 1:16, 7:37, 9:13, and 11:43 A. M., 2:39, 6:19, and 7:44 P. M. Sunday trains 9:13 A. M., and 5:10 P. M.

For Trenton.

At 8:23, 9:13, 11:00, and 11:43 A. M., 2:39, 2:53, 4:48, 5:21, 6:10, 6:19, 6.58, 7:44, and 9:06 P. M. On Sundays, 9:13 9:49, A. M. and 2:53, 5:10, P. M.

☞ The 8.23, 11.00, 11.43, A. M., 2.53, 4.48, and 6.10 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division.

From Trenton.

At 6:40, 7:10, 8:00, 9:00, and 10:14 A. M., 12:00 M., 12:52, 2:59, 3:20, 5:30, 6:45 6:55, and 9:35 P. M. On Sundays, 12:00 noon, 5:00, 6:45, and 9:35 P. M.

From Philadelphia.

Leaves Kensington Depot, at 7:40, and 10:15 A. M. 2:10, 4:10, 4:40, 5:30, 6:15, and 8:20 P. M. West Philadelphia Depot, at 8:30 and 11:00 A. M., and 2:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M. and 12:00 night.

From New York.

At 7:25, 8:15, and 10:55 A. M., 12:55, 4:55, and 7:25 P. M.

From Philadelphia, Westward.

Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West, at 8.00, A. M., and 12.55 6.15, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 7.20, 9.10 A. M. 11.55, P. M., daily.

For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.55 and 11.55, P. M.

For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7.20, A. M.

A Through Passenger Train, especially for parties moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12.05 A.M., daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.

For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.

F. THOMSON, Gen. Manager. L. P. FARMER, Gen. Pass. Agent
F. W. JACKSON,
Gen. Supt. U. R. R. of N. J. Division.

GREAT REDUCTION

—IN P C —

AT J. H. BOSTWICK'S VARIETY STORE.

three months I will sell a large por n of my stock at cost, and many things much below.

My object is to materially change my stock, many articles I shall cease to keep, and introduce more saleable goods. I want to sell off my

TWINE, BASKETS,

HAND TRUNKS,

CARPET BA

BRACKETS,

TOWE CKS,

TABLE CUTLERY (very fine),

CHROMOS,

STEREOPTIC PICT

BOOKS (except school),

Toys, and a thousand other things I can't mention. I mean just what I say, and now is your time to buy.

J. H. Bostwick.

Bristol, Jan. 15, 1879.

Miscellaneous.

For Sale.

TWO FINE COWS, one of them of pure Alderney breed, and shortly to be fresh. Apply to

H. MONTGOMERY, Bristol.

For Rent.

SEVERAL small stone houses on Lafayette Street, and one ten-room house on Derrance Street.

JOSHUA PEIRCE.

For Sale.

ON EASY TERMS, a desirable property on Swain street. Apply to

B. L. ARNOLD.

Use Dr. Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap. Makes the skin beautifully white and healthy, removes dandruff, chafing, prickly heat, sores, eruptions, burning, stinging and itching of the skin and scalp. A sulphur bath with it is highly recommended. Always ask for it by its full name.

For Sale.

A LARGE three-story, eight-roomed house on Penn street, one door east of Pond street, on easy terms.

ALSO a two-story, six-roomed house on Lafayette street, west of Pond street. Apply to

F. P. CRIGHTON,
Penn Street, Bristol, Pa.

DR. THOMAS,

COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION.

NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

DR. THOMAS makes a specialty of extracting teeth absolutely without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide. Over 20,500 persons have successfully inhaled the gas at his office

912 Walnut Street, (South Side), Philadelphia

Annual Statement

COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

For the year ending December 31st, 1878.

SUMMARY OF ASSETS:

Amount invested in Bonds, Mortgages, City Warrants, &c.	$28,171 11
Interest due and accrued	529 25
Cash on hand and in Bank	5,304 82
Premiums in course of collection	1,034 19
All other Assets	206 60
	$34,159 27

Policies liable to Assessment, in case Losses should exceed Receipts..$521,841 00

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT, JAMES M. SLACK.
SECRETARY AND TREASURER, E. G. HARRISON.

DIRECTORS, JAMES M. SLACK, Bristol, Pa., JOSHUA PEIRCE, " " SAMUEL SWAIN, " " A. S. CADWALLADER, Yardleyville, Pa., JOHN K. WILDMAN, Phila., SAMUEL K. HARRISON, Hulmeville, Pa., E. G. HARRISON, " "

OFFICE—44 & 46 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION —OF THE—

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.,

At Bristol, in the State of Penna., at the close of business, January 1st, 1879.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	$241,818 61
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	93,000
U. S. Bonds on hand	10,000
Due from approved reserve agents	7,402 11
Due from other National Banks	11,324 04
Due from State Banks and bankers	2,826 45
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures	9,500
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,138 18
Checks and other cash items	409 00
Bills of other Banks	8,142
Fractional currency (including nickels)	14 58
Specie (including gold Treasury certificates)	9,462
Legal tender notes	21,005
U. S. certificates of deposit for legal-tenders	15,000
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	4,150
TOTAL	$432,752 74

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 92,220
Surplus fund	75,000
Undivided profits	5,028 63
National Bank notes outstanding	79,580
Dividends unpaid	836 60
Individual deposits subject to check	174,863 81
Due to other National Banks	5,158 95
Due to State Banks and bankers	160 75
TOTAL	$432,755 74

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss:

I, Charles T. Iredell, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

C. T. IREDELL, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 29th day of January, 1879.

I. S. TOMLINSON, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest: C. N. TAYLOR, EDWARD THOMAS, ANTHONY SWAIN, } Directors.

FOUNDED 1827. INCORPORATED 1818.

NAMES OF THE MEMBERS —OF THE—

NEWPORTVILLE HORSE CO.

OF BUCKS COUNTY,

For the Detection of Horse Thieves and other Robbers, and the Recovery of Stolen Property.

PRESIDENT, EDWARD BAKER.
TREASURER, GEO. W. BOILEAU, SR.
SECRETARY, SPENCER B. HIBBS.

DIRECTORS, EDWARD BAKER, GEORGE W. WHITE, WALTER R. JOHNSON, JAMES ROGERS, WILLIAM HAWLE.

Edward Baker,	Morlen Lewis,
Charles R. Bicking,	James Martin,
R. & J. Bispham,	Burtis Magill,
Geo. W. Boileau, Sr.,	C. C. Maull,
Geo. W. Boileau, Jr.,	Daniel McCray,
William Carter,	George A. Neisser,
William Coffman,	Edward Pickering
C. & W. Davis,	W. H. Richardson & Son
Richard Dingee, M. D.,	Caleb Roberts,
William Dixon,	Rogers Brothers,
William Elmslie,	Rogers Brothers' Mills,
Alldridge Everitt,	George G. Rose,
Isaac C. Fetter,	William Rowlett,
Henry L. Gaw,	James Rue,
George Dixon,	Andrew Schaffer,
Thomas Gaffney,	Asa Smith,
Ellwood Goslin,	John Smith,
E. J. Groom, M. D.,	Joseph Stackhouse,
Edmund Grundy,	Robert H. Swift,
William Hawk,	C. V. & J. Tomlinson,
F. W. Headman,	C. & E. Tomlinson,
Hazel Hibbs,	Isaac Tyson,
Robert B. Hibbs,	W. R. Tomlinson,
Allen Hibbs,	W. T. Vandegrift,
Spencer B. Hibbs,	Comly Vandegrift,
C. T. Joyce,	Arthur White,
Walter R. Johnson,	Marcia V. White,
Absalom Knight,	Wesley White,
Arthur Landers,	George W. White,
Richard Landers,	Rhondes Wright,
D. Landreth & Sons,	William Wilkinson,
John LaRue,	James Wilkinson,
John H. LaRue,	Robert Wood,
D. & W. LaRue.	

Notifying Committee:—Andrew Schaffer, W. R. Vandegrift, Robert E. Hibbs, William Elmslie, Wesley White, C. C. Maull, Burtis Magill.

Balance in the hands of the Treasurer, five hundred and five dollars and ninety cents ($505.90). Price of admission to membership, eight dollars ($8.00). Annual meeting of the Company on the Third Wednesday in December.

Newportville, February 13, 1879.

Public Sale. —OF— Farm Stock, Grain, Machinery &c.

Will be sold at Public Sale, on the —GRUNDY FARM,— now occupied by William Hibbs, in Bristol Township, on

—*Thursday, February 27th,* 1879.—

The following Personal Property:—Two Horses, 14 Cows and Heifers, all coming in profit soon; 50 pair of fine chickens, 3 geese, 1 broad wheel hay wagon, 2 carriages, 1 falling-top carriage, 1 mower and reaper, 1 mowing machine, cast iron roller, feed mill, and lot of barrels.

Corn, oats, and potatoes by the bushel,—together with other articles not mentioned.

TERMS.—Six months credit on all bills amounting to $25.00 and over, by the purchaser giving their notes, with approved security, made payable at the Farmers' National Bank of Bucks county. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M.

RICHARD HULME,
Agent for the Owners.

J. G. WEBSTER, Auct.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

SONG OF THE UPLANDS.

BY EDWARD S. CREAMER.

Oh, better a glimpse of a star
That may never be reached but be hoped for;
Oh, better a grand life afar,
That at least in the mind can be groped for—
Than to have all the senses desire,
And all that the passions require;
But no more, but no more.

Oh, better a faith that can cope
With the doubts of the world and can quicken;
Oh, better a life that has hope
To illume it, though poverty stricken,
Than to have all that riches can hire
Or buy, so to feast and not tire;
But no more, but no more.

Oh, better love that is blind,
That can see in the loved one no badness;
Oh, better a trust in one's kind,
Spite of all of its folly and madness,
Than to stand all alone 'mid earth's mire,
Having food and raiment and fire;
But no more, but no more.

MILKING.—One would think that the subject of milking is sufficiently well understood at the present time without any further instructions with reference to it, but never was there a greater mistake made. Hundreds of dairymen begin to complain that their cows are drying up early while they have good feed and plenty of it. We were talking with one of the leading dairyman with reference to the matter the other day, and his opinion coincided with ours in this respect, and he claimed that more cows were spoiled by being improperly handled than by poor food. To get the greatest yield of milk the cows should be milked regularly, quietly and thoroughly, yet quickly. Generally speaking, twice a day is often enough, but there are cases when it becomes necessary to milk three times, but these are comparatively rare. At six o'clock, morning and evening, is as near the right time, all things considered, as any. Milking should be done quietly, without any scolding or kicking or otherwise hurting or exciting the cow to let down her full flow. It should be done thoroughly, as nearly as possible always by the same person. There is a great difference in milkers; some will get the last drop while others will leave the richest part in the udder. It has been proved to the satisfaction of all good diarymen that the strippings will yield from ten to twenty per cent. more cream than the rest of the milk; how important it is, then that the cow should be milked clean. Besides, if she is not made to yield all that she has daily, she will dry up sooner, and gradually fall in the quantity until it decreases perceptibility. Cows should never be hurriedly driven to and from the pasture as it agitates and heats the milk, if before milking, and tends to make them wild after the milk has been drawn. We had an opportunity of seeing the results of a change in the management of cows on Pleasant View Farm a short time ago. The proprietor, Mr. Southworth met with a severe accident, which confined him to the house for nearly a week, during which time strangers were employed to attend the cows, and, although they were treated kindly, still it was different from their usual treatment, and the milk pail showed a much smaller yield, and the cows themselves became restless and refused to "give down" as formerly, although, as before stated, they were treated with the greatest kindness and milked by experienced hands. But when he was able to come to the barn again, the cows soon filled the pails as usual, and that, too, with no change of food.—*Field and Farm.*

An improvement in coatings for walls has been effected by W. Ressig. Fifty grams of stearate of soda is dissolved in 1 000 grams of spirits of wine, and the solution may be colored with the aniline colors or with yellow ochre, ultramarine, &c. For stables a spirituos solution of brown or soft soap will do. Disinfectants may be introduced if the coating is intended for the walls of hospitals or stables. The coating will not adhere to a surface where oil has been applied, but it will take very well on wood, lime, gypsum, or cement. Limestone and similar walls should be hardened with baryta water or soluble glass before the solution is applied. This coating prevents the penetration of injurious liquids or gases, keeps the surface free of fungus growths, and permits of being washed with hot water.

Joaquin Miller writes a hand which it is almost impossible to read. Swineburn does likewise, using a quill pen. Walt Whitman also wields a quill, but his writing is large, bold, careless and distinct. Ruskin's chirography is as fine as if written with a pin point. Lowell writes a ladylike, running hand, very plain, with the exception of his signature. Froude's penmanship is distinct and fine; Kate Field's square and bold; George MacDonald's large and manly, and William Winter's is like forked lightning. Robert Buchanan writes an "easily read, affectedly literary hand, as though he were trying to be unintelligible, but did not like to be altogether so." He also decorates his letters with boyish curly-queues. Mrs. Oliphant writes worse than anybody else, apparently using the point of a hair.

In the height of the anti-slavery excitement William Lloyd Garrison, the great agitator, was traveling in the south, when he happened to meet a large slaveholder on a Mississippi steamboat. Neither knew the other's name or social position, both were well posted on the questions of the day, but of course antagonistic. But so well and in so kindly a way was the controversy carried on that when Mr. Garrison left the boat the slaveholder took him by the hand and expressed his satisfaction at the interview. "If you northerners," said he, "would calmly debate these questions with some show of justice and common sense, there would be no difficulty; it is your Garrisons and your Phillipses that make all the trouble."

A bright little boy played so hard the other afternoon that he fell asleep and was put to bed without his supper. The next morning he came down to breakfast smiling and happy. "You were a good boy last night, Harry," said his mother, "you went to bed without your supper." Harry looked up in painful surprise, clouds gathered upon his face, and he asked the nurse: "Did I go to sleep without my supper last night?" "Yes," said the nurse. "Well,' said he, between his tears, "I want my last night's supper now'—and he had it.

☞A PLEASANT EXPERIENCE.—After years of depression and misery W. H. Wentworth, a travelling Insurance agent writes: The Kidney-Wort cured my terrible piles. My back feels strong and is now free from pain, and I sleep well. It is a wonderful discovery in medicine.

☞Joseph H. Foster & Son have extra heavily plated plated dinner and tea knives, upon fine cast steel, handles and blades one solid piece, manufactured by (Rogers & Bro.) Dinner knives $5.00 per dozen, tea knives $4.75 per doz. Now is the time to buy, they will never be cheaper. Especial attention is given to the repairing of fine watches.

☞ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.—Semple's Best Six Cord Soft Finish Spool Cotton, is unrivalled for strength, elasticity and softness of finish. Awarded medals at Paris, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. Manufactured at Mount Holly, New Jersey. Ask your storekeeper for it and give it a trial.

☞The largest and best assortment of Wall papers, New York and Philadelphia styles, in Bristol, also a choice selection of window shades. Window shades made and hung from 75 cents to $1.50. W. GRACE, Cedar Street, between Walnut and Franklin Streets, Bristol, Pa.

☞A large stock of clocks will be sold at very low prices for cash, at A. E. Bayliss' Jeweler and Practical Watchmaker, Mill street, between Wood and Pond streets, Bristol, Pa.

$100 REWARD!

A LARGE NUMBER of Bristol people have been induced by our low prices and sharp competition to abandon their weekly purchasing trips to the city.—We are now determined to COMPEL those who still persist in their old habit to follow the wise example of their neighbors. We will forfeit $100 if any Store in Philadelphia can show a cheaper price list than we offer this week. Just look!

Pure Leaf Lard, 8 cts. lb.; choice Rio Coffee, 20 cts. lb.; splendid Butter, 15, 20, 25 cts. lb.; choice Currants, 8 cts. lb.; best Raisins, 8 cts. lb.; warranted Hams, 11½ cts. lb., Soaps, 2, 3, 4, 5 cts, &c. Oleine, full lb., 7 cts.; Cocoa shells, 5 cts. lb; new Prunes, 8 cts. lb.; new Mackerel, 10 cts. doz.; good Tea, 25 cts. lb.; Laundry Starch 5 cts. lb.; Oilcloth, 30 cts. yd; A No. 1 Pepper, 15 cts lb.; Trunks, all kinds, $1.15 up; 4-quart Teapot, 20 cts.; large line Tinware, Crockery, Glassware, Wall Paper, at very low prices.—The largest and cheapest line of Gents' Furnishing Goods. Good white Undershirts and Drawers, 25 cts. each; best, 40 and 50 cts.; all wool Drawers, 75 cts.; fine Merino Shirt, 50 cts; "Pearl" Dress Shirt, 3-ply linen bosom, best muslin, reduced to 50 cts. Boys' White Shirts, 18 cts.; Men's strong Working Shirts, 30, 40 cts.; Overalls, 30 to 60 cts. Men's heavy tap-soled Boots, $2.00; Fine-stitched Calfskin Gaiters, $2.50. Latest styles Gents' Neckties, Cuffs, Collars, &c., cheap. Men's good Hats, 50 cts; fine Felt, $1.25; Boys' Sunday Hats, 75 cts; Gents stiff Hats, $1.00. Navy Blue Shirts, $1.00; good knit Jackets, 90 cts.; all wool, $1.30. Children's Undershirts, 13 cts. Flowers, 10 cts. spray.—Stockings, 5 cts. Tablecloth, 16 cts. yd.; Pins, 2 cts. paper. Gingham, 7 cts.; Canton Flannel, 6 cts.; Muslin, 5 cts.

Don't fail to ask for what you want, if you don't see it, as we keep everything, from a needle to a ... 10 cts. oz.; Wool, 8 cts. per oz.

☞Peddlers and Store-Keepers supplied.

Don't ask for credit.

WOOD'S CHEAP STORES,

and 6 Mill Street, Bristol.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

KIDNEY-WORT

A Purely Vegetable Remedy

The Safest, Easiest and Best ever discovered for

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, PILES, GRAVEL, CONSTIPATION, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM, DIABETES.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

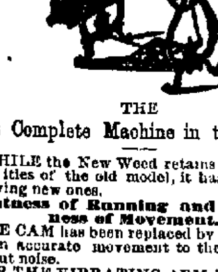
A purely vegetable compound, not doctored with poisonous liquors, being dry—a gentle cathartic and active tonic—sure to effectually cure some of the most common and painful diseases that baffle medical skill. Those who have been cured when all other means failed, justly say: "It is the greatest blessing of the age." "I believe I should not now be alive but for it." Physicians in regular practice ... "It works like a charm and effectively."

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

[illegible]

TRY AND BUY.	TRY YOU BUY.	TRY WILL BUY.

THE NEW WEED Sewing Machine!



THE

Most Complete Machine in the Market.

WHILE the New Weed retains all the qualities of the old model, it has gained the following new ones.

Lightness of Running and Noiselessness of Movement.

THE CAM has been replaced by a crank, giving an accurate movement to the needle bar, without noise.

FOR THE VIBRATING ARM is substituted a reciprocating shaft.

THE TAKE UP is entirely left out, the needle bar serving fur that purpose.

The Stitch Regulating Nut is on the bed of the Machine. The upper thread slips into all its guides leaving only two places to thread.

The Shuttle is the most complete one ever made for easy threading, only one place to thread. These are a few of the improved qualities of the New Weed. In buying a Weed you know you are getting a new machine as they cannot use the old ones to make new ones of. There are a great many machines being sold for new, that are only old ones rebuilt.

We know there are a great many people yet wanting Sewing Machines, and there are a great many old machines that ought to be exchanged for new ones, and to those wanting machines we would say cast aside your prejudice in favor of this or that machine, and come and see the light running, easy threading, no trouble, substantial, handsome Weed. Sold cheap on easy terms. Old machines taken in exchange for new ones. Old machines for sale cheap.

WILLIAM H. BOOZ, Agent,
Radcliffe Street, Bristol.
Next to Presbyterian Church. 240

AT NO. 61 MILL ST., BRISTOL,

PERSONS IN WANT OF

TINWARE

of the best quality and manufacture, will find it a

C. C. DOUGLASS'
Stove and Tinware Store.

ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 0

Which Plan is the Best?

THE COMMERCIAL;
Insurance Company

Insures Dwelling Houses, Stores, &c., &c.

(No hazardous risks taken.)

ON EITHER MUTUAL OR STOCK PLANS.

In the Mutual Plan the fees are fixed at a rate that will meet all expense and the average loss by fire. The polisies being liable to assessment in case of extra losses.

The Stock Plan is upon the usual rates of Stock Companies, with no liability for assessment. Full particulars given. Apply at office

No. 44 Mill Street,
BRISTOL, PA.

JAMES M. SLACK, PRESIDENT.
E. G. HARRISON, SECRETARY. 740

For Rent.

A DESIRABLE residence, No. 17 Dorrance Street, formerly occupied by Wm. H. Doble. House is in first rate repair, contains 7 rooms, with good water, and other conveniences, also large yard and garden connected therewith, containing fruit trees, grapes, berries, etc. For terms apply to

A. J. HIBBS, Agent,
Cor. Radcliffe and Penn Sts.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

J. Wesley Wright,

Next to Canal Bridge,

MILL STREET.

BRISTOL, PA.

Will open to-day a full line of useful and Fancy Goods suitable for

HOLIDAY SALES,

To which I invite all to

COME AND SEE.

Parties in search of Staple Goods for Holiday presents, cannot fail to find upon our well filled shelves something to suit, at prices as low as can be found anywhere.

Dress Goods, in all their variety.

Ladies' Coats and Shawls at all prices.

Ladies', Misses', and Children's furs.

Hand-knit Zephyr Goods for children's wear.

HANDKERCHIEFS

Put up in all conceivable styles from 5c. box to $5.00 box.

FANCY PERFUMERY BOXES, DRESSING CASES, WORK BOXES, LINEN PORT-FOLIOS, HAND MIRRORS, POCKET BOOKS from 5 cts, to $3.00.

And a thousand other things suitable for

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

For the gentlemen we have

HANDKERCHIEFS

In endless variety.

GLOVES OF ALL KINDS.

POCKET BOOKS, CIGAR CASES, SHOE BLACKING CASES AND SETS, ETC.

To the boys and girls with their parents we would be glad to show our stock of.

DOLLS, TOYS.
DOLLS, TOYS.
DOLLS, TOYS.

CARRIAGES AND HORSES, TOOL CHESTS, SLEDS.

BOOKS FOR YOUTH.

All sorts of things to

MAKE CHILDREN HAPPY.

SILVER PLATED

AND

Fancy Glass Ware,

Table Cutlery, Castors,

Toilet Sets, Spoons,

Napkins Etc.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Is full of stock for

HOLIDAY SALES.

FRUITS is great variety and fresh.

CANNED GOODS of all descriptions.

PICKLES in various styles.

POULTRY FRESH DAILY.

POULTRY FRESH DAILY.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONARY.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONERY.

NO SUCH STOCK

In quantity, quality, or variety, to be found in Bucks County.

J. Wesley Wright,

Next to Canal Bridge,

MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA.

BURLINGTON Carriage Factory!

BROAD STREET, BELOW THE DEPOT, BURLINGTON, N. J.

I AM now prepared to receive orders for all kinds of Carriages, Light and Heavy, of the most approved styles and finish, made of the best material and by first-class workmen. I have a number of first-class Carriages on hand at present, comprising

Phætons—Extension Tops and Lady's Pony Phætons, Double Seat Standing Tops, Jenny Lind Falling Top Buggies, No-Top Buggies and Track Sulkies,

which I will sell for the lowest cash price. Those who want first-class Carriages will do well to call and examine my stock, as I will not be undersold by any one who does first class work. Repairing promptly attended to and neatly done.
158 JOHN CRAFT.

SAMUEL C. BRUDON,

Radcliffe and Market Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,

Dealer in Fish and Oysters.

EVERY VARIETY OF FISH from fresh and salt water: Lobsters, Oysters, Clams, Soft Shell Crabs, &c., in season. My stock is selected with great care, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious, both as to quality and price. 75

J. K. WILDMAN,

— — South Third Street,
Philadelphia.

BONDS AND STOCKS

of all kinds bought and sold.

United States Bonds
EXCHANGED FOR OTHER SECURITIES

WM. C. PEIRCE, Stock Broker,

No. 136 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
Second Floor, PHILADELPHIA.

Orders received for the purchase and sale of all kinds of investment securities dealt in at the Stock Exchange, including Government Bonds, State and City Loans, Railroad Bonds and Stocks, &c., &c. 531

MARIS & SMITH,

BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No. 18 South Third Street,
Philadelphia.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

GOLD, STOCKS, BONDS, &c.,

Bought and sold on Commission.

Accounts of Banks, Bankers and Individuals received on favorable terms.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Incorporated 1825—Charter Perpetual.

No. 510 Walnut Street,

Opposite Independence Square, Philadelphia.

CAPITAL.......................... $400,000 00
ASSETS.......................... 1,704,481 36

Directors:

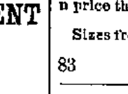
John Devereux,	Thomas Smith,
Daniel Smith, Jr,	Henry Lewis,
Isaac Hazlehurst,	Dan'l Haddock, Jr.,
Thomas Robins,	Franklin A. Comly

Edwin N. Benson.
JOHN DEVEREUX, President.
WM. G. CROWELL, Secretary.
144 JOHN L. THOMSON, Asst. Sec.

THE INDEPENDENT Mutual FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

EFFECTS INSURANCE on Real and Personal Property, on the strictly mutual principle, in Bristol and parts adjacent.

GEORGE W. RHAWN, President.
LESTER COMLY (Byberry P. O.),
Soc'y and Treas.
EMMOR COMLY, Agent,
1085 Bristol.



Beautiful Artificial Teeth, from $5 to $8 per Set, guaranteed to fit and cut perfect. Impression in the morning, teeth in the afternoon. Painless extraction with gas, 50 cents per tooth. Teeth extracted *free* when others are inserted. Old sets repaired equal to new. Filling with Gold or Amalgum. COLLEGE, 514 PINE Street, Philadelphia, Pa. (Please clip this out.) 160

Picture Glass.

JUST RECEIVED, A LOT OF

FRENCH GLASS

For Covering Pictures.

Pure and free from blisters, and but little higher n price than common American.

Sizes from 6x8 to 25x40 inches.

83 J. H. BOSTWICK.

JOSEPH S. PEIRCE,

WASHINGTON ST., BRISTOL, PA.,
DEALER

COAL, WOOD, LIME, SAND, BRICK,
CURB & BUILDING STONE,
TERRA COTTA PIPES.

Home and Day School FOR GIRLS, BRISTOL, PA.

THE SECOND TERM OF MISS MERRIAM'S SCHOOL will begin on WEDNESDAY, JAN. 28th. For circulars address
A. MERRIAM, PRINCIPAL.

BURKE'S EXPRESS

No. 38 South Delwaare Ave.,

PHILADELPHIA.

120

BOUTCHER & SIMONS,

DEALERS IN

LUMBER, COAL;
WOOD, LIME, FERTILIZERS,

West Philadelphia Drove Yard Manur And Horse Stable Manure,

Cornwell's Depot, Bucks County, Pa

BUILDING LUMBER of all kinds on hand or furnished to order. COAL of the best qualities, and lowest rate. 553

HARDWARE AND IRON STORE

AT NO. 47 MILL STREET,
BRISTOL, PA.

CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK

OF

Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

IRON AND STEEL,

NAILS AND CUTLERY,

PURE PAINTS, READY MIXED FOR IMMEDIATE USE;

THE CELEBRATED BLANCHARD CHURN,

FARM AND GARDEN IMPLEMENTS,

WIRE SCREEN, BEREA GRINDSTONES, GUM HOSE,

A Full Line of Locks and Bolts,

SILVER-PLATED WARE,

CORDAGE, CHAINS,

The Windsor Coffee Pot, the best in the world;

MRS. POTTS COLD-HANDLED SAD IRONS,

Hollow Ware in variety; Baskets and Brushes, Knives, Scissors and Razors, Axes, of the best brands; Steel Traps, Rat Traps, and Mouse Traps, Whips, Curry combs and Horse Brushes, Saddler's Hardware, Horse Shoes and Horse Shoe Nails, Rasps and Files, Carriage and Tire Bolts, Saws and Chisels, Hatchets and Hammers, &c., &c., &c. LOW ... PRICES.

J. S. THOMAS,
214 47 Mill Street.

GEO. S. STONE & SON,

BRISTOL, PA.
(Formerly of Philadelphia,)

PLUMBERS,
Steam & Gas Pipe Fitters.

Also, Dealer in Gas Fixtures, Steam Heating Apparatus, Hydraulic Rams, Lift and Force Pumps of all kinds.

REPAIR WORK SOLICITED.

We call the especial attention of farmers and builders to our stock of

GENUINE CUCUMBER PUMPS,

Warranted to be of Cucumber Wood, and the cheapest and best Pump in the market. These Pumps are made by skillful workmen and will stand the test that is claimed for them, and are much superior to the poplar pump, which is an imitation of them. Don't buy elsewhere until you examine them and get our prices.

Shop on Canal St. between Washington and Lafayette Sts.

Orders left at the East Corner of Wood and Lafayette Streets, or at the office of Livingston Mills, will receive prompt attention.

Reference: C. W. & J. Peirce and Grundy Bros. and Campion. 193

JOSEPH SHERMAN,

MANUFACTURER OF

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,

SHUTTERS AND FRAMES,

Siding and Flooring,

MOULDINGS AND BRACKETS,

IN EVERY VARIETY.

Mill---Dorrance St., west of Railroad,
65 BRISTOL, PA.

Go to

E. C. JOHNSON'S

FOR CHEAP BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, AND RUBBERS.

CUSTOM work a speciality; repairing promptly attended to. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. Don't forget the place. At

E. C. JOHNSON'S,
51. No. 36 Mill Street, Bristol.

E. R. O.

EUREKA RED OIL, (*is forty degrees higher fire test than the law requires*), can be burned in any LAMP where the chimney burner is used; is *warranted not to explode*, under forfeiture of $100.

☞EXCLUSIVE COUNTY RIGHTS for sale by P. J. FITZGERALD, Sole Prop. & Manuf'r, 103 & 105 N. Fourth st., Philad'a.

Also, WHOLESALE DEALER IN HEAD LIGHT, COAL OIL, and BURNING FLUID.

N. B. A large assortment of *latest styles* of CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS, BRONZE LAMPS, BURNERS, &c., &c., constantly on hand. 300

JOSEPH W. THOMPSON, HATS, CAPS

AND

STRAW GOODS,

No. 1209 North Second Street,

East Side, Four doors above Girard Ave.
PHILADEL[PHIA]

A full assortment of Umbrellas.

At J. Milnor's Store,

Corner of Wood and Washington Sts.
BRISTOL, PA.,

Can always be found a full line of

Fine Groceries and Provisions

consisting in part of
DRIED BEEF, PREPARED HAM, BUTTER, LARD, TEAS and COFFEE,
And in fact, everything in the Grocery Line.

LOUIS C. FISHER, PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,

522 North Second St., Philadelphia.

8 Card Photographs for........................50 Cts.
3 Fine Card Photographs for................50 "
6 " " " "............$1.00
6 Finely Finished Photographs for........ 1.50

Life size Pictures Colored in Water Colors, or Indian Ink.

All work warranted to give satisfation. 10.

STOVES!

FOR PARLOR, STORE, HALL, OR COOKING.

RANGES!

EITHER PORTABLE OR SET IN BRICK.

Parlor Heaters.

FURNACES,

EITHER PORTABLE OR TO SET IN BRICK, TO HEAT TWO OR MORE ROOMS.

ROOFING at less then city prices, for cash. Jobbing punctually attended to. Give me a call.

THOMAS BARNARD.
BRISTOL STOVE HOUSE
No. 18 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.

FRANK P. ADAMS' Insurance Agency,

REMOVED TO

No. 81 Radcliffe St.

☞Office Hours, after 3 P. M.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

FOR BOTH SEXES,
At Newtown, Pa.,
R. L. GURNEE, Principal.

Expenses for Week-day Boarders $3.50 per week; for Day Pupils, from $2.50 to $5, per term of 10 weeks. Expenses in Music, per term of 20 lessons, $8; in Drawing, $5; in Painting, $7. 595

MEAT! MEAT!

MILTON WEBSTER,
AT THE
Corner Mill and Cedar Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,

KEEPS always on hand a large supply of FRESH BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, &c. Also, Smoked Hams, Bologna Sausage, Smoked Shoulders, and Prepared Meats of all kinds. Special inducements given cash customers. 28

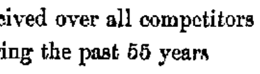
New Meat Shop,

Mill Street above Wood,
BRISTOL, PA.

D. G. MICHENER & SON,

KEEP constantly on hand all kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats, Vegetables, &c., at lowest rates for cash. We respectfully solicit a share of patronage from the citizens of Bristol and vicinity and our old customers generally, and by close attention to business hope to please. 830

Chickering Pianos



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